LL SONJA HENIE CHANGE AMERICAN STYLES IN BEAUTY?

FEB. 27, 1937

Liberty

5¢

CORONATION SECRETS
by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Stories and Articles by ERIC HATCH — COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER —
ROGER GARIS — ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS — STANLEY HIGH —
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr. — MARGUERITE MOO... ...RSHALL

For reproduction of this picture suitable for framing, write W. F. Young, Inc., 440 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after

Why haven't we heard from Jack and Jill?

We've had so many letters from men and women and boys and girls who have had all kinds of bumps and bruises and aches and pains that any day now we expect to hear from that famous hill-climbing tumbling team, Jack and Jill.

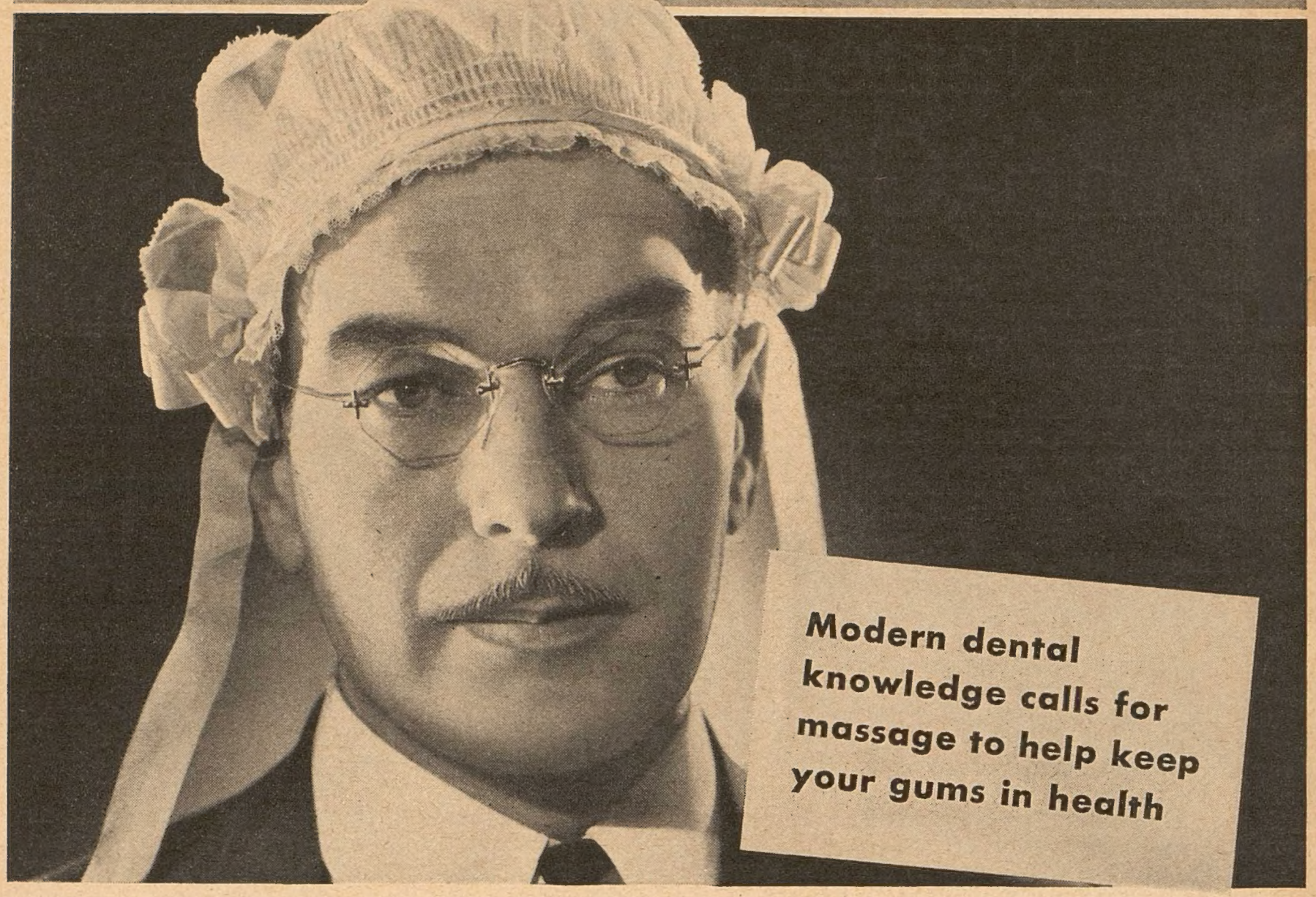
Anyway, it's certainly very gratifying to know how many hundreds of thousands of people find quick relief with Absorbine Jr.—how many hundreds of thousands of families always keep a bottle on hand for those little mishaps that happen almost every day. Sprains, wrenches, sore muscles, stiff necks, barked shins, stubbed toes, bruised fingers and a hundred and one other painful little accidents.

Thanks, everyone, for your kind letters. And rest assured, Absorbine Jr. will continue to be the same good dependable product that so many have come to rely upon for more than forty years—remember, too, it is welcome relief for that distressing Athlete's Foot that's so very common. It's thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. On sale at all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. And if you would like a free sample, just write W. F. Young, Inc., 440 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts . . . . . Thanks again!

Absorbine Jr.

Child-like in his Dental Knowledge

—*thousands of grown-ups* never *take care of their gums*



Don't ignore "Pink Tooth Brush" ... Guard against becoming a "Dental Cripple"... Change to IPANA and Massage Today

IT'S a sad fact but true that thousands of adults are still in the *cradle age* about the advances made in dental hygiene—innocent of the fact that modern dental authority emphasizes *care of the gums* as well as the teeth. Here are the simple facts:

• **Modern gums need special and regular care. The soft foods on which we moderns live do not give our gums enough work, enough stimulation, to keep them healthy. Gums grow lazy. They grow flabby and tender. Frequently a tinge of "pink" appears on your tooth brush—a warning of unhealthy gums.**

If you see that tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist.* You *may* be in for serious trouble. Usually, however, his verdict will be—"gums robbed of natural exercise and work"—and, as many dentists advise—gums that need the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste *and massage.*

For Ipana plus massage is your dentist's able assistant in the home care of the mouth. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. Gums grow stronger, more resistant. New circulation brings them a new firmness.

Change to Ipana and massage today. Before you even see that warning tinge of "pink"—adopt this sensible way to help safeguard the health of your teeth and gums.

IPANA
Tooth Paste

FEBRUARY 27, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 9

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

Billions Lost to This Nation Through Anti-Gambling Laws

MOST Americans are natural-born gamblers. As a race we are ambitious and energetic, and the adventurous spirit drives us into questionable situations.

But one must be willing to take a chance if he expects to reach a worth-while position in the struggle for success.

"Nothing risked, nothing gained," is a worn phrase, but is nevertheless weighted with truth.

There are all kinds of gambling. Life itself is a gamble. We never know from day to day when we may be taken from this earthly sphere.

Farming, for example, is one of the worst forms of gambling as far as taking chances is concerned, provided the farmer depends upon the rain for his crops. Sometimes there is so much rain that the crops are drowned out, and at other times the drought destroys them.

Every business is a gamble, more or less. The stock market is gambling on a colossal scale. We cannot be absolutely sure of anything.

There may be something worth while in some of our anti-gambling laws which try to protect darn fools from spending money needed to maintain their families in comfort, but the anti-lottery laws which send hundreds of millions and even billions of our good American dollars to foreign countries represent the height of silly mawkish sentimentalism.

There is no sensible excuse for us to lose these billions of wealth which could just as easily be kept in the United States.

The probabilities are that of every million invested in these foreign lotteries only about 10 per cent is returned as a bait to entice additional millions to foreign shores.

We should have a national government lottery and every state should have a similar privilege. Our great charities could then be easily supplied with necessary funds.

Our citizens cannot be stopped from gambling. Civilization itself in all its phases has grown up because of the gambling spirit of our ancestors.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

When a minister takes a new parish he is betting on his ability to retain it, and if people desire to take a certain amount of financial risk to buy a chance on a great prize, why forbid them this privilege, as long as they are not using money needed to provide the comforts of life for themselves or dependents?

It is the adventurous gambling spirit, the willingness to take risks, that has developed this country from a nation of backwoodsmen to a high state of civilization that is without a peer in all history. And for us to saddle ourselves with laws which make certain types of financial investments a crime merely to protect a few mental nitwits from wasting their money is the last word in stupidity.

Mrs. Oliver Harriman, who has been campaigning in favor of the annulment of our antiquated lottery laws, is to be commended for the spirit and enthusiasm which she has manifested.

These are modern times, and the restrictions placed on our statute books through the bigotry and prejudice of former generations should not hamper progress.

Here we are with millions of people on relief, and there is the staggering load required to support hospitals and other charitable organizations. Every effort toward accomplishment of results in relieving this intolerable situation should be encouraged.

An official lottery would give everybody who insists upon gambling a legitimate opportunity. And why not? The thrill of investing a small amount with the chance of winning a great prize is sometimes worth the expense even if one loses. A large amount of our happiness is realized from building castles in the air. All of our great men were daydreamers.

And the winning of one of the prizes in a great lottery is an exciting experience that would remain a pleasant memory throughout life.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1937, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $3.00 a year. In all other countries, $4.00 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

You Can Be Vitamin Starved At Mealtime

You Don't Know When You're Not Getting Enough Vitamins in Your Meals—Until Loss of Health Shows It. But, by Eating an EXTRA SUPPLY of These Four Vitamins Daily, You Can Forget Them at Mealtimes.

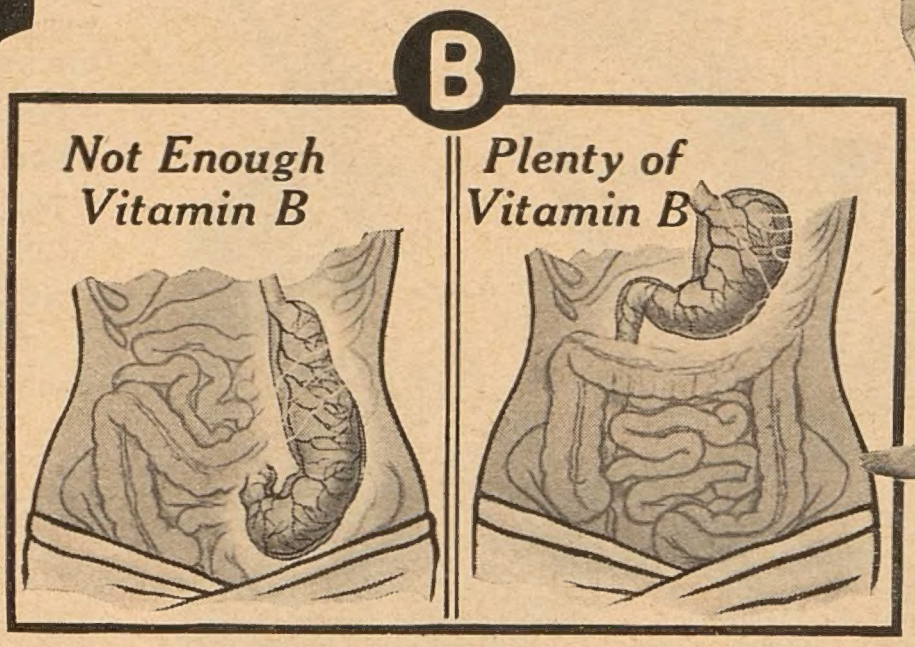
Deficient in Vitamin D

Soft bones which bend under weight of body and result in bowlegs and knock-knees come from too little Vitamin D.

To assure her child strong, straight bones and sound teeth, the mother should eat Fleischmann's Yeast during pregnancy and while nursing. It supplies an abundance of Vitamin D—the BONE VITAMIN. Grownups, too, must get plenty of Vitamin D to make their teeth more resistant to decay.

Diet Lacks Vitamin A

Even a moderate lack of Vitamin A weakens membranes of nose and throat—makes you susceptible to constant colds. Lack of this vitamin can also lead to serious eye trouble and skin disorders. Fleischmann's Yeast helps to keep you well supplied with Vitamin A.



Insufficient Vitamin B leads to poor digestion, sagging stomach (as shown above), distended intestines and weak nerve control.

A daily intake of Vitamin B—the NERVE VITAMIN—is needed for a strong, active stomach and bowels, and steady, healthy nerves. Add Fleischmann's Yeast to your regular diet to make sure you get enough of this essential vitamin. It is one of the richest foods in Vitamin B.

Too little Vitamin G means poor growth

Extreme thinness, a peevish disposition and an underdeveloped body are often signs a child is not getting enough Vitamin G. Rapidly growing children especially need a generous supply of this important GROWTH VITAMIN to assure proper growth and all-round physical development. Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in Vitamin G. Children from 5 to 12 years old can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily.

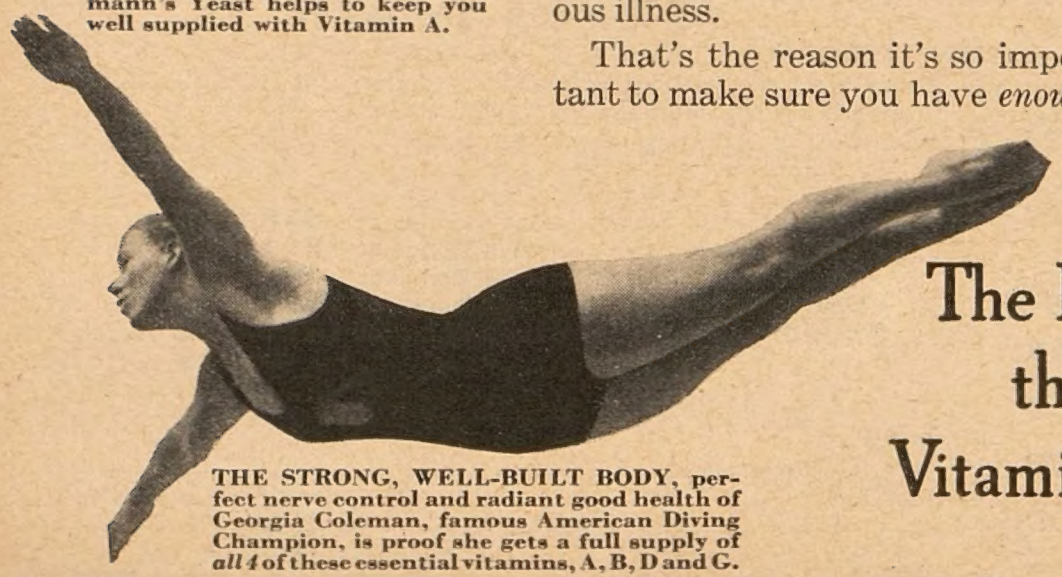
NO FEELING of hunger lets you know if your meals are short in vitamins.

Yet—a shortage of *just one* of these essential food elements results in impaired health—even serious illness.

That's the reason it's so important to make sure you have *enough* vitamins *every day!* By adding *one food* — FLEISCHMANN'S fresh YEAST—to your regular diet you get an *extra supply* of 4 essential vitamins: A, B, D, and G.

Fleischmann's Yeast is the *only food* that furnishes such an abundant supply of *all 4* of these vitamins *at once.*

Eat 3 cakes daily—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water. Start *now* to safeguard your vitamin health!



THE STRONG, WELL-BUILT BODY, perfect nerve control and radiant good health of Georgia Coleman, famous American Diving Champion, is proof she gets a full supply of *all 4* of these essential vitamins, A, B, D and G.

The Richest Food Source of these combined Vitamins A, B, D *and* G—

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BEGINNING—

The Fascinating Inside Story of All That Lies Behind 1937's Most Colorful and Significant Ceremonial

CORONATION SECRETS

PAST and FUTURE

by Frederick L. Collins

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART ONE — THEIR MAJESTIES . . AND A GHOST

JUST thirty-one years ago an overseer going his rounds in the Premier mine at Pretoria, South Africa, noticed something glistening in the earth. He scooped it out with his knife—a diamond weighing one and three quarters pounds.

No such gigantic gem had ever before been discovered. But when it was examined by experts, it was found that the diamond, big as it was, was only part of what must once have been a stone twice its present size.

Where was the missing half? That question has never been answered. Many searches have been made, thousands of pounds spent in fruitless inquiry. The missing half of the largest diamond in the world is still the Dark Continent's darkest mystery.

Eventually the largest of the many large brilliants into which this stone was cut—the diamond which is now known as "the Star of Africa"—found its way into the royal scepter which will be placed in the right hand of King George VI at his crowning in Westminster Abbey.

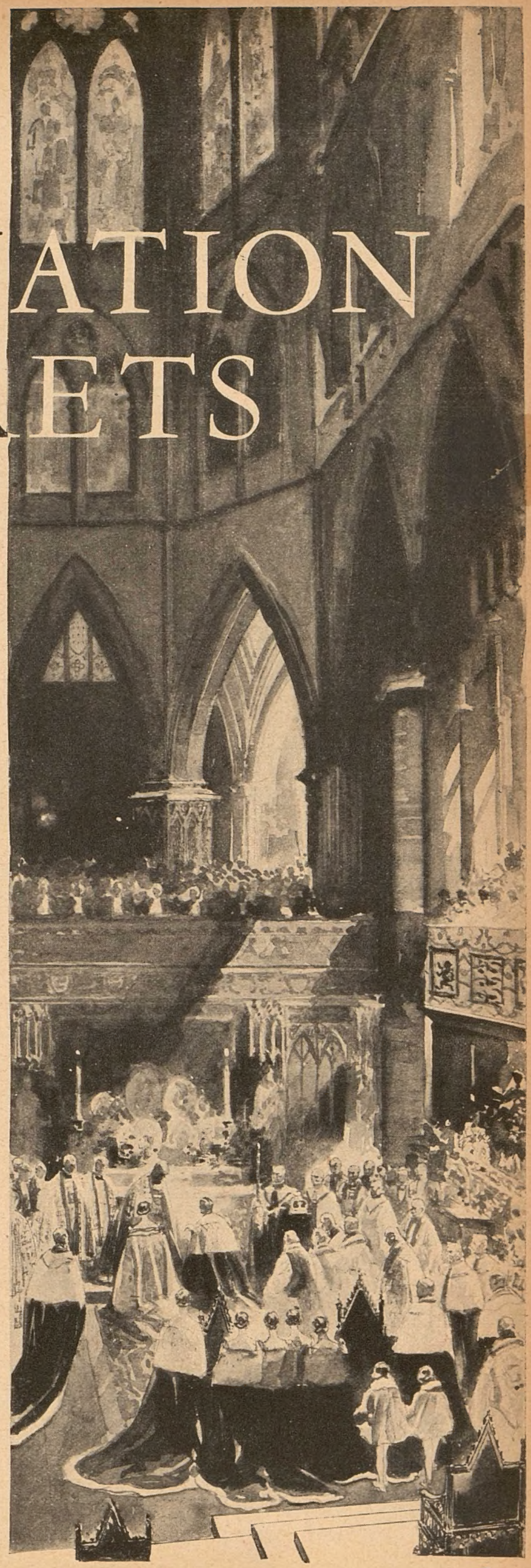
When George, clothed in the royal robe, receives this symbol of regal power, he will kneel before the altar. The climactic moment of the coronation will have arrived. The Archbishop of Canterbury will be standing over him with the crown of St. Edward in his hands, and uttering what His Grace refers to as "those noble words of the coronation:

"O God, the Crown of the faithful, bless we beseech Thee and sanctify this Thy servant George our King: and as Thou dost this day set a crown of pure gold upon his head, so enrich his royal heart with Thine abundant grace, and crown him with all princely virtues."

Reverently the Archbishop of Canterbury will then place the crown on the King's head. A mighty shout will break the solemn silence, a shout that will be heard far outside the old Abbey and taken up in a deafening roar by the mighty concourse of waiting people:

"God save the King!"

This will be the third coronation at which the new monarch will have appeared in roles of varying conspicuousness. At his grandfather's crowning in 1902, he was one of "a charming and interesting group formed by the children of the Prince of Wales," who later became George V. With his three



"Bless we beseech Thee and sanctify this Thy servant."

brothers and sister, Princess Mary, he sat in the royal box on the right of the sanctuary, just above a table on which was displayed the royal plate.

At his father's crowning, nine years later, he was still in the royal box, although he was a big boy now and wore a stiff standing collar with tabs and a four-in-hand tie, putting to shame his younger brothers, who were still undergoing the humiliation of Etons.

But there George's triumph and his prominence ceased; for on that occasion, as on all subsequent ones where the royal family appeared, he was destined to yield the spotlight to his older brother, the Prince of Wales.

Of this sixteen-year-old Prince of Romance, who was to become the people's idol and the politicians' pawn, an observer wrote:

"There stood in the midst of that great assembly a young, slight figure, with round, boyish face emerging from the heavy purple mantle of the Knights of the Garter, a plumed cap on his head, evidently very shy, but with a certain sort of youthful dignity.

"Was he quite engrossed in the present, or was he dreaming of the future when he, too, would be the center of all eyes, as his father was that day, and be taking the solemn oath to do his best, with God's help, for his people and his country?"

There was no question what the youngsters in the royal box were engrossed in—they were engrossed in this, their eldest brother, whom they had never seen in his new and overwhelmingly impressive garb. Indeed, the youngest of the lads, the present Duke of Kent, leaned so far out over the rail that if Auntie Maud, sitting in the row behind, hadn't grabbed him by the seat of his royal panties, he would have crashed kerplunk in the middle of the golden platters.

Edward it was, as heir to the throne, who was first to kneel before his royal father and repeat the ancient oath of allegiance: "I, Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, Prince of Wales, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you, to live or die, against all manner of folks. So help me God!"

No one can say that, to the very day of his father's death, Edward of Windsor failed to keep that oath. No Prince of Wales ever worked harder or more successfully for crown and country than did the youngster whose ghost will haunt the ancient Abbey on this Coronation Day.

THEY will be an intriguing study on May 12 next, those three boys and the ghost that stands beside them. The youngest brother is much the same openly rebellious spirit that he was in 1911. The next youngest, more conventional, also hates the royal pomp. The oldest has fled from it into a far country. The King alone stands for that strict adherence to tradition of which the day's beautiful ceremonial is the symbol and the essence. It may be for the best, therefore, since George VI is the only brother who seems to value kingship, that it is on his head that the crown is placed.

But the coronation of an English king is no such simple ceremony as this brief view of it would lead one to believe.

Long before the actual crowning, from the moment, in fact, that King Albert Frederick Arthur George and Queen Elizabeth Angela Marguerite emerge from the stately portals of Buckingham Palace and step into the antique coach of George III, drawn by eight cream-colored horses in trappings of scarlet and gold—which they will do at eleven o'clock on the morning of May 12—they will already have begun the long ceremonial of their coronation.

This coronation coach of gold and glass—the latter so that the King may be seen by his people even in London weather—weighs four tons and cost nearly forty thousand pounds. Three little gilt boys, posed solemnly on the gilt top, represent England, Ireland, and Scotland.

Edward, who hated display and fanfare of every kind, had balked at taking the long ride through the narrow West End streets, and had insisted on confining the ordeal to the shortest distance between two points. But George is more considerate of the feelings of the coronation concessionaires, who have lined the long route with gaily decorated grandstands and are renting them out to solvent visitors at $150 and $200 a seat.

Besides the "toffs" in the grandstands and front windows, King George's progress in the glass-and-gold coach will be watched by about five million Londoners. Like bleacherites at a World Series game, these crowds will begin to assemble the evening before, and will stand or lie on the pavements the whole night through.

Some of these watchers of the night who wait so patiently for a sight of their new monarch, King George, will doubtless be the same individuals who stood guard night and day outside the palace gates during the epochal week of abdication, or who besieged the Prime Minister's residence at Number Ten Downing Street with placards proclaiming their everlasting loyalty to Edward VIII.

It would be interesting to know if, at the witching hour of midnight, the coronation ghost of their departed idol wanders through the streets to haunt their dreams!

The job of policing the coronation crowds is in the hands of twenty-eight-year-old Bernard Marmaduke Fitzalan-Howard, Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Arundel, Surrey, and Norfolk, Baron Fitz Alan, Clun, Oswaldestre and Maltravers; Earl Marshal and Hereditary Marshal of England, Premier Duke and Premier Earl.

AT the coronation of Richard III the office of Earl Marshal became the hereditary right of the Howard family, and with hardly a break it has remained with them down to the present day. This year's earl is a keen sportsman, all-round good fellow, and close friend of the abdicated Edward. And now he will do his best to see that Edward's brother rides unscathed through the ranks of his people and emerges "at long last" into the broad reaches of Whitehall.

Then, will the King's eyes, as he glances up at the grim walls of the old palace, seek out the second window on the north, through which one of his predecessors, Charles I, walked bravely to his death on the scaffold? Or will they seek comfort in the sturdy walls of Scotland Yard, whose minions will watch over his royal safety; or the Foreign Office, whose clerks will make his royal policies; or the Houses of Parliament on his left—the one with the fat tower and the thin tower—whose occupants catapulted him, against his will, into kingship?

But King George will have small time to think of anything right now—for straight ahead is Britain's church of churches, the "minster of the West."

Grayed outside by centuries of British fog, cluttered inside by memorials to British dust, there is no other church in Christendom so solemnly impressive, so alive with undying dead—Chaucer and Spenser, Newton and Darwin, Edward the Confessor and Richard Plantagenet.

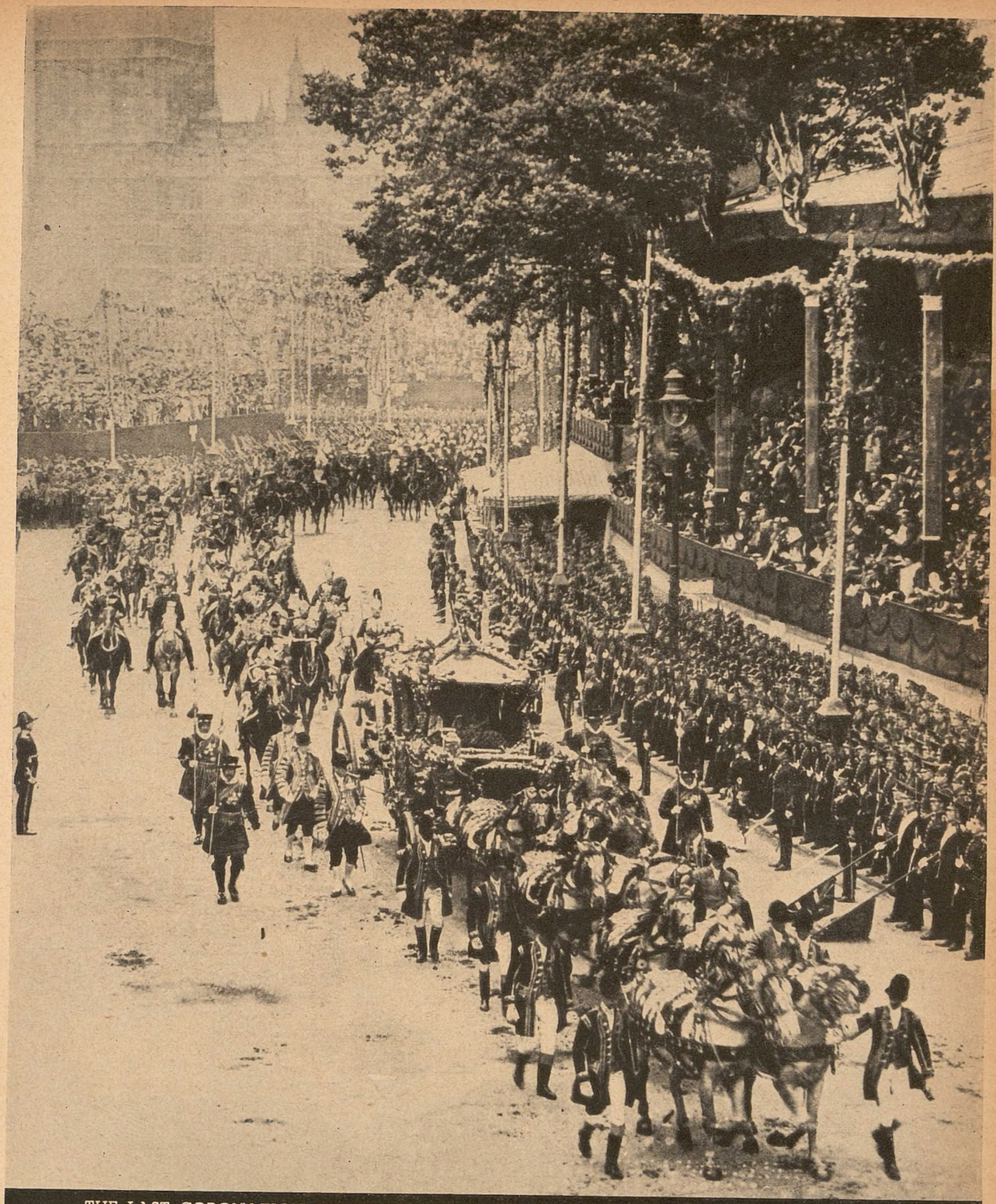
But it is not with the dead, even the great dead, that these royal visitors will be primarily concerned.

For months now, the Abbey's great gloomy portals have been closed while men from the Department of Works have been building platforms and grandstands, laying carpets and tacking up bunting, in a successful effort to conceal the funereal aspect of the famous church.

On this festal day, as the royal procession approaches, even its gray exterior will be banked high with grandstands and its solemn entrances made gay with canopies. In the square, students of Westminster School in their white robes will be waiting to give childish treble to God Save the King. The crowds in the stands and on the pavings will take up the shout, and give their monarch a royal welcome as he steps from the glass-and-gold coach and enters the Abbey by the west gate.

It was at this point in the fateful coronation of George III that a mishap occurred which foreshadowed, if it did not make, history. As His Majesty entered the Abbey, the largest diamond in his crown, as if by signal, dropped from its setting and crashed to the floor. Wrote a versifier of the day:

When first, portentous, it was known
Great George had jostled from his crown
  The brightest diamond there,
The omen-mongers, one and all,
Foretold some mischief must befall,
  Some loss beyond compare.



THE LAST CORONATION PROCESSION EN ROUTE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 22, 1911.

It was, you may remember, in this George's reign that the American colonies declared their independence!

The only ominous thing about George VI's entrance will probably be the silence which pervades the gathering as the Queen's ladies form around her, and her procession prepares to precede her lord and master's through the choir to the coronation theater, which is a raised platform erected for the occasion in front of the altar.

It would be altogether understandable if in this brief pause King George's thoughts should turn—as the thoughts of all the world will turn on May 12 next—to that other king, his royal brother, who was born and trained to kingship, welcomed to his throne by a grateful and admiring people, and driven by prelates and politicians and his own willfulness into exile.

It can't be much fun being a king on the rebound, a substitute king. It would not be surprising if George, a shy, sensitive man, should at this moment feel his situa-

tion keenly—the irony; yes, the tragedy of it all.

There he stands in his gorgeous raiment, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India. Supporting him on every side are the great figures of Church and State. Upon his head is about to be placed the crown of his ancestors.

Yet he knows, as you and I know, that if a certain boyish-looking gentleman of forty-two, dressed in a checkered plus-four suit and a striped shirt, should at this very moment detrain in Waterloo Station, he'd steal the show.

No, it is not hard to be sorry for the man who must stand in the stead of the most picturesque royal figure in English history since Richard Coeur de Lion!

But there will be no hint of sadness in the sights and sounds that meet his royal eyes and ears. If he listens, he will hear the twenty-one-gun salute echo and re-echo through the Abbey's Gothic arches and vaulted ceilings; and if he looks, he will see the world's most glittering assemblage of princesses and duchesses and marchionesses and countesses arrayed in regal brocades and embroideries and fur-trimmed velvet robes, and the great nobles of the empire brilliant in crimson and purple and ermine capes, their manly bosoms blazing with jewels and decorations.

He may not be able to see, but he will know—for, in contrast to his abdicated brother, he is very particular about such things—that each duchess has four rows of pure miniver on her mantle and a train two yards on the ground; that each marchioness has three and a half rows and a train one and three quarters yards on the ground; and so on by rows and inches down to the mere baronesses, who struggle along with two rows of fur and one yard of trailer.

Some of these gaily bedecked ladies will have paid their dressmakers as high as $4,000 and $5,000 for their coronation splendor.

Even more resplendent will be the dusky Indian princes, whose riches are breath-taking. Several of them could buy and sell their King-Emperor, and they could almost find the price in the huge diamonds and emeralds which adorn their turbans. On this day, however, they will be content, with their jewels and their pastel robes, to lend a note of exotic beauty to the brilliant scene.

If they too see the ghost of the fair-haired boy who came out to visit them when the empire was tottering, and by his tact and grace and gift of friendship won their hearts and kept them and their peoples within the slender circlet of the crown—if they too see the coronation ghost—they will give no sign.

THE King's own processional will be forming now. There will be no confusion. The ceremony will have been rehearsed, like a fashionable wedding, over and over. The King himself, in the privacy of Buckingham Palace, will have been painstakingly tutored in his role. The great officers of state will fall automatically into their traditional places. First, the Lord Great Chamberlain of England, walking alone; then, two by two, the High Constable of Ireland and the High Constable of Scotland, the Lord High Steward of Ireland and the Great Steward of Scotland; then, three by three, the Earl Marshal of England and the bearer of the sword of state and the Lord High Constable of England, the bearers of the scepter with the dove, and the orb, and St. Edward's crown, the bearers of the paten and the chalice and the Bible; then, the King.

The more important of these coronation dignitaries—with one exception, the Earl Marshal—now hold their titles as temporary honors. Originally they were figures of great power in the affairs of the kingdom.

The office of Lord High Steward, for example, had its origin in Saxon times. He governed the entire kingdom, immediately beneath the king. That great earl Simon de Montfort was Lord High Steward; and with his fall, the office was granted by Henry III to his own young son, Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, from whom it descended to the great John of Gaunt.

When John's son seized the throne of England and became Henry IV, the office of Lord High Steward became merged in the crown, and ever since kings of England have taken particular care that it stayed there. Nowadays, therefore, a Lord High Steward is created only for some special occasion, such as a coronation.

The Lord Great Chamberlain's office was originally granted by Henry I to the De Vere family. He was of old the "bower thegn." On the night before the coronation day he was required to guard the king's person, and on the following morning he dressed the king. At the coronation banquet he took "the leading part in the service of Ewry"—which means simply that he served the king with water before and after dinner. His fees were at one time forty yards of crimson velvet for a robe, the king's bed in which he slept during the night before the coronation, all the furniture in the bedroom, the bedding, and the king's nightgown.

Now the Lord Great Chamberlain's duties and rewards are largely honorary.

England's first Lord High Constable was Ralph de Mortimer, who received his staff of office from William the Conqueror. This was an office of state carrying great authority both in France and England during Norman and Plantagenet reigns. He was supreme judge in all cases brought before the High Court of Chivalry, and his duties made him something in the nature of a military governor of the kingdom.

The duties of the Lord High Constable at a coronation are to attend the sovereign and bear a staff of office, and, with the exception of the Lord High Steward, the Constable takes precedence over all the great officers of state. The great Duke of Wellington held this high office at three coronations—those of George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria.

OF the four great officers of state, the office of Earl Marshal has alone remained permanent, and to this day he is entrusted with the practical management of all state ceremonials. On Coronation Day, as we have seen, the policing and general direction of the ceremonies is entrusted to him and his thirteen subordinates, who are members of the College of Arms. These thirteen assistants include the three Kings of Arms—Garter, Clarenceux, and Norroy; the six Heralds—Windsor, Chester, Lancaster, York, Richmond, and Somerset; and four Pursuivants—Rouge Croix, Portcullis, Bluemantle, and Rouge Dragon.

Although many of the great officials in the coronation procession have been shorn of their power, they have not been shorn of their gorgeous raiment, and—together with the prelates in their rich coronation robes—they will make a pictorial setting fit for any king.

And now the trumpets will be sounding. The glittering cavalcade will be getting under way. The man we must learn to call the King of England will be marching to his crowning—with the ghost of the man we thought was King of England marching just ahead.

In front of the altar, at the top of the steps leading to the theater, George VI will find awaiting him the one man most responsible for his being King, His Grace the Right Honorable Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England.

Ever since there has been an Archbishop of Canterbury, he has been the central figure in these ceremonies of investiture. Although a clergyman who reaches the high post of Primate of All England is usually a man of years—Cosmo Gordon Lang is seventy-two—even the oldest and feeblest have clung jealously to their traditional right to crown their king. One archbishop was so weak that he let the crown slip; and if it hadn't been for the nimbleness of the Bishop of Salisbury, the symbol of empire would have crashed on the gray stones to the Abbey floor. Another was so ill that he had to deputize the actual crowning, but he insisted with shaking hands on doing the anointing with oil. The aged prelate who crowned King Edward VII was so exhausted by his priestly efforts that he took to his bed and died.

Passing over the sad case of the archbishop who could not be present to crown Mary Tudor because that vigorous young woman had thrown him into the Tower, we find only one primate, the Saxon Stigand, who failed to perform his holy office; and according to the church

histories, he flung defiance in the teeth of William the Conqueror in these words: "I refuse to crown one who is an invader, one covered with the blood of men."

But it is hardly likely that the Right Honorable Cosmo Gordon Lang will be thinking this day of the achievements of his predecessors. If he is human, he will be thinking of his own triumphs. Other Canterburys have crowned their kings. He has *chosen* his.

King George's coronation, like all the others over which Archbishops of Canterbury have presided, will be essentially a religious ceremony. Crownings in all Christian countries are based on the ritual adopted by Samuel when he crowned Saul King of Israel.

In the early English coronations, which were in most essentials surprisingly like the modern ones, Druid priests in their sacred groves invoked gods who were worshiped centuries before Thor and Woden. The chief difference between those first coronations and later ones lay in the fact that they were held, not in an abbey, but in some convenient forest clearing. The priests and the chiefs gathered in an inner circle with their retainers and men-at-arms, row on row, behind them. The Druids droned the solemn service. The congregation of fighting men thundered the responses. A war shield was laid on the ground and the new king stood in its center. Then the chiefs and great men surrounded him, grasped the rim of the shield, and raised the monarch high above their heads. And in that moment the vast forest cathedral was rent by a mighty shout from the assembled people:

"God save the king!"

It is no longer customary to stand the king upon a shield and raise him up to the view of his people. Instead, the Archbishop of Canterbury will go with the Lord Chancellor, Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord High Constable, and the Earl Marshal to the east, south, west, and north corners of the theater in that order. With King George standing by his chair, and turning each time in the same direction as the archbishop, the following question will be asked in a loud voice from the four cardinal points: "Sirs! I here present unto you King George VI, the undoubted king of this realm: wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same?"

There has never been but one answer to that question. The nobles in the Abbey have never failed to shout:

"God save the king!"

They won't fail this time. The slim, solemn, youngish man in the red-velvet doublet, the white-satin breeches, the white-silk stockings, with the blue sash of the Order of the Garter across his chest, will receive the same mighty shout that once frightened the birds in forest glades and has for centuries reverberated through the ancient Abbey.

It *ought* to be—and if he can forget the ghost that haunts this particular coronation, it *will* be—a proud moment for His Majesty the King!

The last coronation. Above King George V in the royal box are four of his children, including Princess Mary and the son who is now King George VI, to be crowned in May.

Whence came the Stone of Destiny beneath the seat of St. Edward's Chair? What is the solemn symbolism of the Holy Oil, the Orb, the Scepter—all the royal regalia that will figure in the coronation ceremony? To what oath that the Archbishop of Canterbury will administer may "the ghost" make a startling response? These things and many more will be disclosed in Liberty next week.

GOOD BOOKS—*by* OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **PEER GYNT** by Henrik Ibsen. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Ibsen's masterpiece in a gift edition; translated by R. Farquharson Sharp, with delightful illustrations by Arthur Rackham. The translation is unrhymed but follows the meter of the original folklore fantasy of trolls and witches.

★ ★ ★ **VALIANT DOGS** by Frances E. Clarke. The Macmillan Company.

This collection of dog stories by various modern authors is "must" reading for dog lovers. It is good to find H. C. Bunner's classic Hector in print once more, and Helen Boylston's Mr. Bunting Pays the Piper, as well as Hugh Walpole's The German are much too delicious to be missed. The entire group of stories is well chosen and every one is well worth while—if dogs are important to you.

★ ★ ★ **THE LAST ENEMY** by L. A. G. Strong. Alfred A. Knopf.

The trials of an English schoolmaster facing conscription during the war, and his romance with the wife of one of the headmasters, told against the background of an exclusive private school in Great Britain. It is a sensitive book, but it has little to differentiate it from other similar studies, except the fact that it seriously suggests the return of ghosts to their old haunts and that the last five chapters portray the thoughts of a man *after his death*.

★ ★ **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SOLOMON** by G. R. Tabouis. Robert M. McBride & Co.

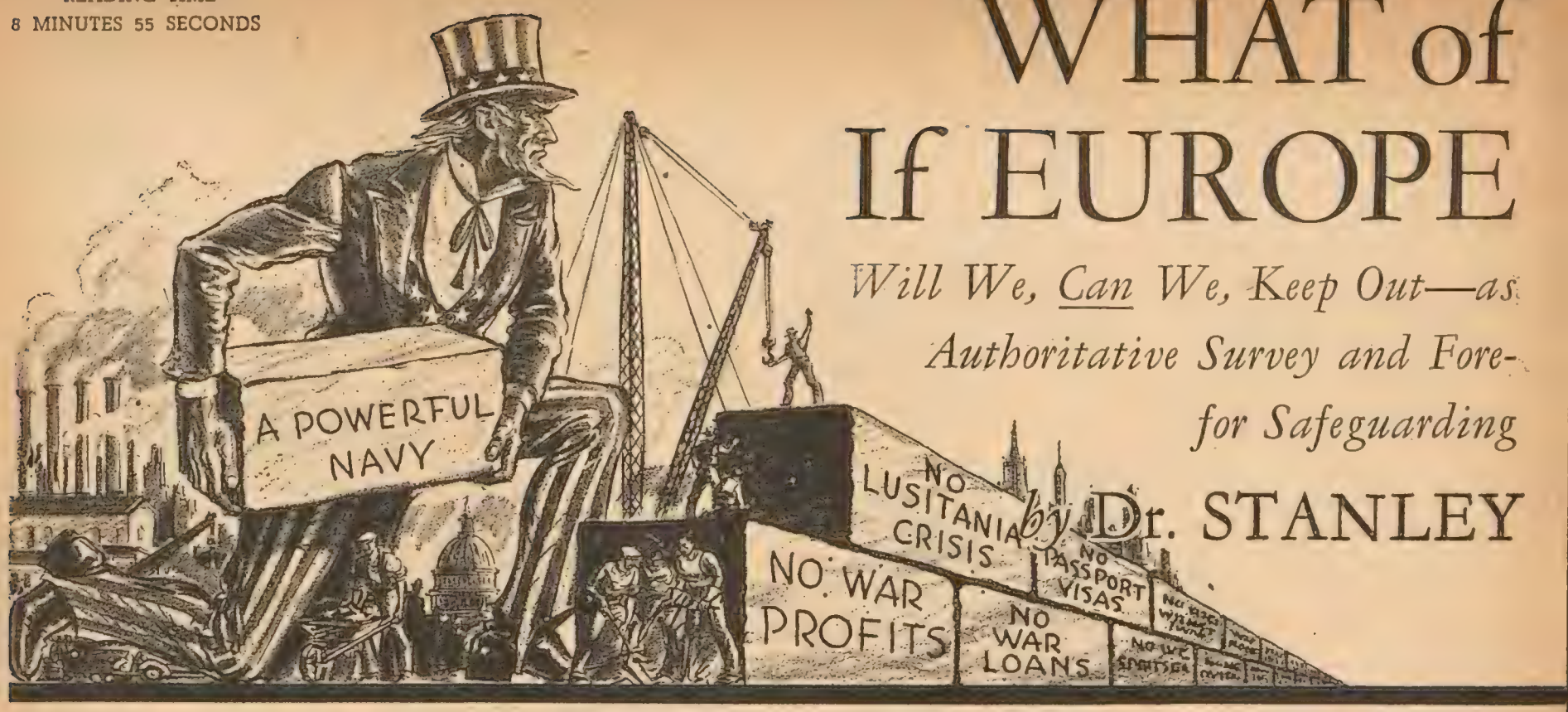
Biography of the wise and much-married gentleman under whose rule Israel attained the status of a world power.

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHAT of If EUROPE

Will We, Can We, Keep Out—as Authoritative Survey and Fore- for Safeguarding

by Dr. STANLEY



ENGLAND is training its school children in the use of gas masks. Mussolini has decreed that henceforth all new buildings constructed in Rome shall have bombproof basements. A few weeks ago the Paris police issued and then hastily suppressed a too graphic bulletin of public instruction in the event of air raids. Hitler is reported to have stored up in secret reservoirs and munitions dumps a far vaster supply of war materials than the Kaiser ever had. And observers of European developments no longer discuss *whether* the next war will come, but rather *when* and *where*.

At present the most likely spots are two. First, there is war-torn Spain. Germany and Italy on the side of the insurgents, France and Russia on the side of the loyalists, are in that conflict up to the hilt. Great Britain, with her Mediterranean supremacy to maintain, is more than casually interested—as the massing of the British fleet off Gibraltar indicates. One of these days a misdirected —or a too well directed—bomb may blow up a British or a German or an Italian warship and Europe may find itself with a new Sarajevo.

The second danger is in eastern Europe, where Germany and Russia continue to fume at each other. Many a wise student of European affairs believes that this, in the long run, is more likely to lead to war than the Spanish conflict. And almost all students agree that if Germany attacks Russia in the west, Japan will attack from the east. But such a conflict would almost certainly overflow those boundaries and involve the rest of Europe.

The big question for the citizen of the United States is: Would it involve us? Would another 1914 for Europe bring another 1917 for the United States?

No one who remembers 1917 can make a sure answer. It is true enough that the average American citizen can see nothing whatsoever in a European war that concerns him. But the average American in 1914 and 1915, and even as late as the "He Kept Us Out of War" election of 1916, felt that way about the World War. A few months after that election we were in that war.

It is also true enough that we want, now more than ever, to keep this country out of all wars. The American people propose to keep prepared to look after themselves and to keep clear of other people's conflicts. In the present state of the world that is a good frame of mind to be in. It will make it easier to stay out of Europe's war. But it provides no guaranty that we will stay out. We were in the same frame of mind about the World War. After enough American lives and ships had been lost our mind began to change. The change was speeded by a flood of propaganda aimed to get us in. Before we knew it, we not only were in, but had convinced ourselves that this particular war was something high and holy, the results of which would establish righteousness in all the earth.

We see now that we were mistaken. But it is doubtful if even the disillusioning experience of the last World War will be sufficient to keep us out of the next one, unless, before the war comes, some strong effective bulwarks are built against its spread to us.

Some such bulwarks have been built. Some others are in process of building. I know that in the offices of at least a dozen United States senators a lot of nightwork is being put in on this problem. I know, too, that across the street from the White House—in the gingerbread building that houses the State Department—a great many men expert in foreign affairs are getting our international relations in order against the coming conflict. There are secret meetings, these days, of the men who command the armed forces of the United States. And in the White House the President of the United States holds frequent conference with the men who, in the event of a European blowup, will be charged with the responsibility of defending our nation and of keeping us clear of the conflict.

For if war comes, the government of the United States will take certain definite immediate actions. Some of these will be of an emergency nature. Now, as in 1914, the State and Navy Departments will assume the task of evacuating American citizens from the war zones. It will be the function of the State Department, through its representatives abroad, to warn American citizens to leave the threatened areas. The Navy Department will dispatch vessels to join the fleet already in European waters to aid in the evacuation, in case passenger vessels have been commandeered or are endangered.

UNPRECEDENTED pressure will be put upon Americans to constrain them to leave the war areas. Passport visas will be denied to any save war correspondents or individuals with emergency business. It will not be easy, as it was in 1914, for American citizens to volunteer for the armed forces of the fighting nations. There will be no Lafayette Escadrille in the next war—not if the government can prevent it—simply because every American citizen engaged in another nation's war is a possible cause of an "incident" which might make it more difficult for us to maintain our neutrality.

Already a new law, aimed to keep individual Americans out of foreign wars, has been invoked against certain Americans who volunteered for service with the forces of the Spanish government. In the event of a major conflict this prohibition would probably be extended. The neutrality bill passed by Congress in 1935 gave the President the power to prevent Americans from traveling on

the U. S. A. Goes to War?

We Didn't in 1917? . An Arresting, cast of Uncle Sam's New Plans Our Neutrality

HIGH

CARTOON BY WILL GRAVEN

the ships of fighting nations. Had this law been in effect in 1915, there would have been no serious repercussions from the sinking of the Lusitania. The next war will have no "Lusitania incident"—not if the government of the United States can prevent it.

In fact, for the first time our government has begun to formulate, in advance of a major war, just what its own policies would be. The results of this effort are embodied in the so-called neutrality legislation. Back of this legislation is a long series of investigations conducted by Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota. Senator Nye's committee uncovered information which bore out the contentions of many organizations, notably the American Legion, that one of the most likely causes of war is the lure of war profits. Both the neutrality legislation already on the statute books and the even more drastic measures proposed by the Legion have as one of their major aims the taking of profits out of war.

AMONG other things, the neutrality laws—which will be renewed at the present session of Congress—prohibit the sale of munitions to fighting nations. Likewise they provide a prohibition of American loans to the Powers at war. William Jennings Bryan, when Secretary of State, vainly endeavored to establish such a prohibition. Had he succeeded, it is quite possible that this country could have kept clear of the World War. Now such a prohibition has been written into law and our national desire for peace will not again be so easily thwarted by those who have a financial stake in the success of one side or the other.

It is further provided in these laws that American vessels shall not be used to transport munitions. Thus, our ships—since they would have no war materials aboard them—would be in every sense neutral vessels and far less likely to be subjected to search and seizure or to submarine attack.

The proposals now before Congress look toward the strengthening of this legislation and its extension. It is now proposed that all sales to fighting nations shall be wholly at the risk of the purchaser, that such sales shall be made entirely for cash, and that the purchaser shall do his own transporting. It is also suggested that henceforth American vessels and American citizens venturing into the war zones shall be considered to have gone beyond the protection of the American flag and obliged to proceed at their own risk. It has even been proposed that all sales of materials of any sort to all fighting nations be stopped. That proposal obviously would cut off most of America's foreign trade, once a war became general. But it is quite possible that America's desire to keep out of the conflict would be strong enough to welcome that loss.

The war-profits problem has been attacked by the American Legion. Its bill for universal conscription is a proposal that would involve the mobilizing not only of the man power but also of the wealth of the nation. And both the man in the ranks and the man in the skyscraper office would go on what would amount to a dollar-a-day basis. By the Legion bill the government would collect a 95-per-cent tax on all profits made in time of war. In other words, the next war would have no profiteers. That, every one will probably agree, is not only justice: it is also the kind of forewarning that may cool some of the ardor of those who, if there was big money to be made, might not be averse to seeing this country tangled up in another conflict.

The Legion bill has not yet passed. But it was introduced at the very beginning of the present session by Senator Morris Sheppard, chairman of the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate, and Representative Lister Hill, chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs. The organized force of the Legion is enthusiastically back of the measure. It is believed to have the friendly support of the administration. There is thus good reason for believing that it will be enacted at this session of Congress. If it is, America's preparedness for another war will be made more complete, and the chance of America becoming involved more remote.

Back of all these measures to keep us out of foreign wars there is, of course, the determination of President Roosevelt. His naval building program has been assailed in some quarters as militaristic. No one who knows his point of view believes that it is anything other than he says it is: an insurance against war. When and if the temper of the times changes, when there is a real desire among the nations to outlaw war, when some real steps are in prospect looking toward all-round disarmament, then Mr. Roosevelt, as in the past, stands ready not only to follow but actually to lead. Until then, because he believes that this country wants no part in Europe's conflicts, he proposes to keep us strong enough to provide our own barricade against the spread of those conflicts to our shores.

In his famous Peace speech at Chautauqua, New York, last August, Mr. Roosevelt said: "Yes, I have passed unnumbered hours, and I shall pass unnumbered hours, thinking and planning how war may be kept from the United States of America."

The American people not only have confidence in the man who made that declaration. They have confidence in his ability—so far as it is humanly possible—to formulate plans and policies which will keep the United States of America out of other people's wars.

THE END

TRIANGLE IN THE SKY

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 58 SECONDS

THE crowd in the bull pen—that roped-off section between the municipal hangar and the edge of the field—saw the Fairchild roar down and cut off the litle Waco, and they saw the Waco sheer away, dive, and go into a sideslip. It hurtled toward them with the motor full on. Men and women screamed and threw themselves on their faces in the dirt. The Waco overshot them by ten feet, a wing caught the corner of the hangar and it crashed between the hangar and a hot-dog stand.

There was no fire. At the last moment the pilot remembered to cut his switch. When they got to him and dragged him out, he was conscious and began to yell:

"What's the idea? What's the idea?"

They tried to carry him into the office, but he insisted on walking. He wasn't, by a miracle, badly hurt. But he was mad. He said to Joe Wolfe, the office manager:

"That guy cut me off when I was in my glide. Who is he? I want to know. He damn near killed me, the so-and-so!"

Frank Cassidy was standing near Cecilia Borne. He said to her: "You know who it was, don't you, Ceil?"

She nodded. Her eyes were frightened. "What will they do to him, Frank? It was an accident. He didn't do it on purpose!"

"No?" Frank said. "Listen. That guy—" Then he stopped, for her anguish was too plainly revealed. She whispered: "Don't print this, Frank. Please don't! It'll ruin Phil."

"I've got to," he said gently. "It's my job. But I'll give him a break if I can . . ."

Ceil Borne and Phil Curtin. It seemed impossible. Frank had known her since she was ten, when they lived on the same street in Roseville. Then she was a scrawny kid with straw-colored hair in pigtails, and he was a gangling youngster with an owlish way of looking at people that he never quite grew out of. Now her blonde loveliness was vivid as white fire.

What had happened to her in these last few months? Curtin, a barnstorming pilot with a waxed mustache. . . .

Colonel Hecker, on executive duty at Newark Airport, strode in, crackling. He was a tall lean man with chill eyes who had been a war flyer. He snapped at Wolfe: "Have Curtin flagged down. Get him in here. Quick!"

In a few minutes Curtin entered. He glanced at Ceil. She took a step toward him; then, when he looked away from her, she halted as though rebuked.

"Curtin," said Hecker, "you have no defense for what you did. I saw the whole affair. No, don't say anything. Remember, I know a little about flying myself. Whatever excuse you have, save it for the Department of Commerce. Maybe they'll listen. But not me. If I had my way I'd have you arrested for attempted murder. That's what it was. But I've got the field to think of, and what it would mean to passenger flying here. So all I'm going to do is to forbid you ever to fly from this airport again, and I'll recommend the department that your license be taken away from you permanently. Cassidy, did you get that?"

"Yeah," Frank said; "I got it."

"I want you to print it. And if you don't I'll call your city editor myself."

"Don't worry," Frank told him. "I'll use it."

"Say, how am I going to get my ship away, if I can't fly it?" Curtin asked sullenly. "I've got to get to Teterboro tonight."

"I don't give a hoot how you get it off!" Hecker shot out. "But you won't touch a stick again at this airport. Now get out. Fast! That student isn't in any shape to give you what you deserve, but if any of the other boys feel like it they have my permission. Get going!"

As Curtin went out, Ceil looked at Frank. She made a pitiful gesture with one hand. Then she swung about and followed Phil, shoulders back, head high.

After a moment Frank started to write. His hand was shaking a little.

"Wait a second," said Frank. He stepped toward Curtin. "What have you been up to?"

For Ceil's sake he toned his story down, simply stating that Curtin had been ruled off the field for breach of the airport regulations. He didn't quote Hecker directly. The story of the crash made page one, of course, and the Curtin episode was tagged on the end.

Curtin didn't lose his license. It was suspended for two weeks and he was fined five hundred dollars. The ruling of Colonel Hecker stood. Curtin flew after that at another field, back of Caldwell; and that was the reason Newark Airport saw no more of Cecilia Borne. She stuck with Curtin.

There was one strange aftermath of the affair: Curtin wrote to Len Corbett, city editor of the Express, thanking him and Cassidy for the fair way the paper treated him. In the note he indicated that from now on

A Girl Lost Her Way in Love; a Plane Lost Its Way in Flight . . . Here Is Their Thrilling Story—a Vivid Tale of Two Kinds of Terror

by ROGER GARIS

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

he was going to be a good boy, and if ever the Express needed a ship in a hurry, to call on him.

Far back in his mind Frank had a tiny hope that Ceil might have said something to him about that story. She must have realized why he played it down. But he heard nothing from her and did not see her, for he left his home at seven thirty every morning and she wasn't up at that time. He used to stare at the big quiet house across from his when he turned out of the driveway in his Ford, but not a glimpse of Ceil did he get. When he returned at night it was nearly dark. The days were shortening with the approach of winter.

Then one afternoon the boss said to him: "Frank, you're going on a little trip. To Montreal. Cover the meeting of aeronautical engineers and airport managers. A gang is

going from Newark Airport, including Colonel Hecker. I want you to take a photographer with you and get some shots of the local boys doing their stuff."

"O. K.," Frank said. "But that meeting is tonight, isn't it?"

"Right. I've arranged with Curtin to fly you up and bring you back early tomorrow."

"Oh," said Frank.

"We'll cash in on his offer. Won't cost us anything but the gas and oil. Ask him how much that'll be and put it on your swindle sheet. You leave that field he's flying from at five tonight. Gus Stock will go with you. Check?"

"Check," Frank answered. He went to his desk to get some copy paper and pencils. Then he telephoned up to the art department and told Gus he'd meet him in front of the building in half an hour.

On the way to the field in Frank's Ford, Gus said: "I've got to reach the office before nine tomorrow to make the bulldog with my pictures. What time that mean we leave Montreal?"

"It takes four hours," Frank told him. "There's a stop at Albany to clear customs."

"That means we get up around four thirty."

"That's it."

Gus shook his head. He liked his sleep. He wasn't too keen on flying, anyhow, since he'd taken some pictures from an army bomber and got sick.

Curtin was waiting at the field near his ship, which was being warmed up. He shook hands with Frank and said: "I suppose you know I'm damn grateful for that break you gave me. It meant a lot."

"That's all right," Frank said. "We all need a break once in a while."

"Yeah; but we don't always get it. By the way, the girl friend is going up with us. Mind?"

"No, not at all. I don't mind at all."

"Good. You're ready to leave now, aren't you?"

"Any time," said Frank.

He was leaning inside the ship examining the instrument board when Ceil arrived. She said: "Hello, Frank," and he turned slowly and said: "Hello, Ceil." They gazed at each other a moment. Then, with a queer sort of laugh, Ceil put out her hand and Frank took it. There was a look in her eyes that he had never seen before, the look of a person who had started something he must finish, no matter what.

"How are you, Ceil?" Frank asked.

"Oh, I'm fine." And she laughed again in that same way. "Hasn't this flying gotten you yet? Aren't you eager to become a pilot?"

"No," said Frank. "I'm content to write about it. Oh, I had a few lessons, on the arm. Never soloed. Just enough to lend that authentic touch to my stories. How about you? Have you got ambitions to become America's leading aviatrix?"

"I'm content to hear about it."

"All set?" Curtin asked, coming toward them. "Might as well get going. The photographer can stow his stuff in the rear. It's liable to be a bit bumpy."

"That's swell," Gus said. "I can hardly wait."

WHEN they took off in the closed Fairchild, Ceil was seated directly behind Curtin, with Frank across from her and Gus behind. There wouldn't be much more daylight. It felt as though they might catch the first snow of the season.

It held off, however. Nor was the trip very bumpy. They landed at Albany just as it was getting dark, and then went on through the night.

Shortly after nine they reached St. Hubert, the airfield for Montreal. They all rode to the city together in a taxi. Ceil was very quiet.

Phil asked her once: "What say you and I see the town while we're here? I'm giving the meeting the go-by." Ceil said: "All right, if you want to." Frank reminded Curtin that they had to leave at 5 A. M.

"I'll be on deck," Curtin told him. "Couple hours' sleep is all I need."

Frank said nothing more. The cab dropped him and Gus at the Windsor, where the meeting was scheduled. Ceil called as Frank got out of the car: "Have a good time!"

"Thanks," said Frank. "I'm here on business. You have the good time."

"Oh, I will!" she cried, and her voice held a peculiar high tenseness. "We're going to paint the town red, aren't we, Phil?"

"Sure," answered Phil, grinning. "See you on the field when the birdies sing, Cassidy."

"Ceil!" Frank exclaimed sharply, and she leaned out toward him. In the lights of the hotel entrance he saw a quick eagerness, a sudden hopefulness come into her face. But in an instant she banished it and waved gaily.

"*A demain,* as the Scotch say," she called. "Go on, driver—go on!"

Frank and Gus watched the car pull away. Gus said: "Boy, she's a swell-looking dame! These pilots sure can pick 'em."

THEY cleaned up the assignment by midnight, and Frank got a room for them in the hotel, thinking to write the story when he reached the office in the morning. He'd have time if they arrived by nine. But he found that he was too wide awake to sleep. Ceil—Ceil.

He went to the manager's office and borrowed a typewriter. It was a routine story—practically a report of the meeting, with the local names in the lead—but it was an hour before he was able to finish a single paragraph. His mind was fuzzy and he felt slightly ill. It was nearly three when he completed the job.

Instead of going to bed then, he went out and walked the streets. He passed several cabarets that were still open, but he wasn't in the mood for drinking and did not go in. Once he heard a laugh that caused his heart to pound furiously, and he halted. Ceil? A man and a girl came out. They were talking French.

At last, exhausted, he returned to the hotel. It was a quarter to four. Gus was snoring. Frank lay on the other bed, fully clothed, and waited for the call they had left at the desk.

The telephone bell jerked him upright. "Good morning," said the operator cheerfully. "It is four thirty."

"Thanks, damn you," Frank mumbled, and shook Gus. As the photographer was dressing, Frank looked out of the window. It was dark as midnight. In the gleam from the room light he saw a few snowflakes drift lazily down.

They ordered breakfast, but all Frank could take was a cup of coffee. Then they got a cab and started for the airport. A faint light showed in the east. The snow was not heavy, but the air was thick with threat of more.

Curtin's ship was out of the hangar and a mechanic was warming it up. Curtin hadn't arrived yet. Neither had Ceil. Frank walked about nervously, watching the sullen dawn spread over the field. Then finally a taxi rolled to the edge of the field, and Ceil got out alone.

Frank ran toward her. His legs weren't working well and he stumbled, and when he reached her his arms were out and he was choking. "Ceil—Ceil—are you all right?"

Something had happened to her—something horrible. There was a dark depth of pain in her eyes and her face was drained of expression.

"Frank," she said, and stood there woodenly. "I knew you'd be here. Take me home, Frank."

"What is it?" Frank asked. "What's the matter? Where's Phil?"

"Phil?" the girl repeated—and it was as if she might have added, "Who is Phil?" Then she said: "He'll be here. He's going to fly us back, isn't he?"

"Why, I suppose so—" Frank went close to her. "Ceil, tell me, for God's sake—what's the matter?"

"Nothing," she whispered. "Nothing is the matter. I— Frank"—and now her voice came up hopefully—"can you fly the plane? Can you take us back?"

"No, I can't fly it," Frank answered. "I've only had four lessons. Ceil, tell me! Did Phil—"

Gus was walking toward them rapidly. He called: "Here's Curtin! It's about time! If we miss the bulldog with these pictures it's going to be tough."

Ceil did not look around as Curtin came up. The flyer wasn't quite so handsome now; his face was loose and his eyes were bloodshot.

"So you beat me to it," he said, and laughed. "Well, come on! Let's go! Get in the ship. I'm ready."

"Wait a second," said Frank. He stepped toward Curtin. "What the hell have you been up to, Curtin?"

"Who? Me?" The flyer assumed a puzzled air. "I don't know what you mean, sir. Take your hands off me. I did not come here to be insulted, sir." He yanked open the door of the plane, bowed mockingly, and got in. "Well, you people coming?" he yelled.

"Listen, Ceil." Frank seized her arm. "Have you got money enough to get home by train? I've got to go with Curtin. Can't let the paper down. When we get to Newark I'll—"

"If you go, I'll be with you," Ceil said. "What difference does it make?"

"Ceil, won't you please go by train? You can't tell what might happen—"

"What difference does it make?" Ceil said again. She went to the plane and stepped in. Gus, after a quick glance at Frank, followed her. Then Frank got in and closed the door behind him.

There were no chocks under the wheels. Curtin held it down with the flippers while he revved up the motor. After a minute he turned, grinning, and shouted: "Hang on! This is my first ride, too!" He gunned her, swung about to head into what little wind there was, and after a short run pulled her almost straight up into the graying sky and the floating snowflakes.

Frank had taken the seat directly behind Curtin. He faced around, and saw that Ceil was sitting stiffly, gazing out of the window, her hands in her lap. Gus was hugging his camera; he looked sick and scared.

They circled the field once, gaining altitude, and then started south. Frank saw the S on the compass reflected in the mirror above the instrument board. The compass itself was directly over the pilot's head. He remembered that Captain Dorset, who had given him instruction, had said that if you were flying blind you could tell when you were in a tail spin by watching how the compass acted.

It was snowing harder. They might be flying blind soon.

Curtin stuck his head out of the window several times, as though seeking a landmark. Then he took a bottle from his pocket and drank deep. As he replaced it he shuddered. Frank protested: "Don't take any more of that, Curtin!"

The pilot said: "Nuts to you. What's it to you?"

Curtin kept putting his head out of the window more and more often. He took another drink. Once his head nodded and he straightened quickly. He held the stick with his knees and tightened his belt.

Gus bawled into Frank's ear: "Make him stop that drinking! Grab the bottle!"

"Sit back!" Frank yelled. "He's got to adjust the stabilizer when you move around. Keep quiet!"

GUS subsided. Frank watched Curtin, and the man leaned forward against his belt. The compass swung erratically, then when Curtin recovered it pointed again to S.

Swiftly Frank glanced around at Ceil. She had not changed her position. She still stared out of the window. It seemed as though she was unaware of being in a plane.

Now they thrust into a squall of snow, and the ground was blotted out completely. An air current shot the ship up and it dropped sickeningly. Frank knew they must be in the mountains. Pilots flew between the ranges rather than over them; for some of the peaks were high, and it isn't good to go too high in thick weather unless you know you won't have to come down until you're out of it. Mountains have a way of coming up to meet you.

They flew along in the snow, bumping around a lot, for some ten minutes.

Then, suddenly, Curtin became ill.

He let go of the stick and put his head down and retched. The ship dived sharply.

"Frank!" Gus screamed. "He's out—he's passing out!"

Frank threw himself forward over Curtin's shoulder, and grabbed the stick. He tried to pull it back smoothly. But Curtin's feet on the rudder pedals prevented proper control and the ship careened like a crazy dolphin.

"Curtin!" Frank yelled in the pilot's ear. "Snap out of it, Curtin! You'll crack us up! Curtin!"

"Huh?" Curtin muttered. "What you want? Get away from me!"

He made a weak attempt at pushing Frank's hand away. The movement thrust the stick ahead, and again the plane dived and twisted. Frank struggled to bring it up. He had to fight Curtin's waving arms. Somehow he got the ship out of the dive; but it was flying drunkenly, the wings wobbling.

"Listen to me, Curtin!" Frank shouted. "Release your belt and slide out of the seat! I can handle it for a few minutes, until you feel better—"

"Who? Me?" the man mumbled. "What's going on here? Take your hands—off me. I didn't come here—to be—insulted—"

He was swaying back and forth, yet continued his efforts to regain the stick. Frank heard him say: "If we crash—I crash it—nobody else. Me, see? Take you all with me—Ceil and . . ."

HERE it goes," Frank said. He drew back and swung at Curtin's jaw. The blow landed squarely. Curtin's body sagged. The hands fell at his sides. Desperately Frank grabbed for the stick and held it firm.

"Holy Mother!" Gus cried. "We're done!"

"Shut up!" Frank snapped. The ship momentarily had steadied. The stick and rudder pedals were centered. Without turning, Frank knew that Ceil was out of her seat and was standing near him, bracing herself on the backs of the chairs.

"Phil was drinking all night. I guess we're going to smash. Will there be a fire?"

"Don't talk like that!" Gus shouted. "That's a hell of a way to talk! I don't want to die!"

A bump caught the ship and Ceil was pitched to the floor. Frank held tightly to Phil, one arm around him, the other hand on the stick. They were tossing about in a sea of snow. Visibility was zero. Frank looked at the altimeter. It read 1,500 feet. Then it read 1,300.

Releasing the stick for an instant, Frank threw one leg across Phil's body, facing forward. He straddled him. Then he pressed back hard, to keep Curtin's sagging weight upright, and kicked his feet off the rudder pedals. He placed his own feet upon them.

He was flying the plane. Slowly he pulled back on the stick, watching the altimeter. Only by that could he tell whether he was climbing or diving; for there was no artificial horizon on this ship. He did not dare touch the throttle. He hoped only to keep in level flight. He saw that the altimeter needle rose from 1,300 to 1,500 again, and he tried to hold it there. The plane was bucking badly. He hadn't gotten the feel of it yet—this was the first time he'd ever held a stick on a cabin job.

"The mountains!" Gus cried. "What about the mountains?"

"Keep quiet!" Frank said. "Don't move around. Is Ceil all right?" (All right—God, could she ever be, now?)

"Don't think about me," Ceil answered. She was just behind him. "Can I do anything? Shall I hold back his head from you?"

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She meant Phil, but she didn't say his name. Frank told her: "That would help. Put your arms around his neck and keep him tight in the seat."

Then he didn't have to press back so hard. But it was awkward, sitting astride a man and trying to fly a plane when he'd only had four lessons. It couldn't last very long. The mountains were on either side of them. The snow captured them in white isolation. A few minutes, perhaps ten, before this would end.

When they hit, it would be as sudden as a lightning flash. But they were still flying! The compass wasn't spinning—the S still showed—the altimeter registered 1,600 feet. . . .

SUPPOSE I take it up? Frank thought. Suppose I go as high as I can? Maybe we can get over the snow—if I bring it up gradually—

He started the climb. He was afraid every second that the controls would go sloppy. That would mean a quick nose-over and a spin. He remembered the feel of that moment just before the spin, when he'd been flying with Dorset and the captain had him haul back the stick until the ship hung on the prop and all pressure on the controls had ceased. It was a sensation of complete helplessness. Dorset had taken it out of the spin. How? Push the stick forward—or should it be centered? Had he cut the throttle? Rudder in opposite direction to the spin—wasn't that it?

Two thousand feet. A slow climb. Twenty-two hundred. Twenty-five. How high were these mountains? When would they be over the snow?

He could feel Ceil's arms against his back as she held Curtin. Brave kid, Ceil was. No panic, no tears. Curious how she could gather courage to herself. In a ship piloted by a guy who'd had four lessons, who'd never even landed a plane, flying now in a snowstorm through the mountains! Why hadn't they crashed before this?

Three thousand feet. The eternal roar-clank of the motor. Thirty-five hundred. Four thousand. . . . Five thousand . . .

They were out of it. Through the snow. The sun burst upon them in fierce glory—the rising sun. One mountain peak far to the left. A clear beautiful sky line.

"Frank," Ceil said, her breath on his cheek, "is there a chance now?"

"Maybe. I can keep going for a while. If Curtin comes to and can fly, we might make it. Work the muscles in his neck."

There was the movement of Ceil's hands behind him. Gus came forward—carefully, mindful of Frank's caution—and helped her. Frank was holding the ship in fairly level flight. It was not so bumpy.

"I think he's coming out of it!" Gus shouted. "Frank, he's—"

The body beneath his jerked convulsively. The head moved and hands fumbled at his waist.

"Get off, get off," Curtin mumbled. "Get away from me!"

"Hang on to him!" Frank yelled. "Keep him still until he knows what he's doing!"

Curtin ceased struggling. Then he said: "I know what I'm doing. Get the hell off me, Cassidy."

"Can you handle the ship?" Frank demanded.

"Yes. I'm all right, I tell you."

Frank twisted to look at him. There was a weak anger in the man's face, but his drunkenness was gone. There was no longer any frenzy. Sobriety, the wish to live, had returned.

"Get off me, will you?" Curtin exclaimed.

Frank slid to one side and Curtin grasped the stick. He looked around him wonderingly, at the clouds below, and demanded: "How the devil did we get up here? What did I do—pass out?"

"Sort of," Frank said. He felt, strangely, like laughing. "You had a nap . . ."

"You been flying it?"

"Yes, I have. Don't mind, do you?" Then he did laugh.

"What's so funny?" Curtin growled. "I was only out for a second. Say, somebody's been sick in here! That's a hell of a trick!"

"Yes, isn't it a shame?" Ceil said loudly. "These amateurs—not used to flying, are they, Phil? Shouldn't be allowed in planes—"

A spasm of laughter seized her. It was the approach of hysteria, and Frank grabbed her arm hard. "All right, Ceil," he said. "Forget it. You hear? Forget it!"

The instant of hysteria passed. She stared at him. Her eyes did not waver. "I'll forget what I have to," she said. "And I'll remember this."

THEY landed at Albany, which was free from snow. It was seven thirty. Another pilot flew them from there, a friend of Curtin who was glad to try the Fairchild at Curtin's suggestion. Curtin sat back silently. When they reached the field he did not speak to Frank, and said simply to Ceil: "Good-by." She did not answer. Then he taxied the plane toward the hangar, and Ceil and Frank and Gus got in the Ford that Frank had left there the afternoon before. They went straight to the Express office, Ceil with them.

The pictures and story made the bulldog, to Gus's relief. Frank asked Corbett: "Can I have the rest of the day off?"

"Go ahead," Corbett said. "Good job, kid. Smooth trip?"

"Sure," Frank replied. "Like duck soup."

Ceil was waiting for him downstairs. An instant of fear touched him before he saw her. Fear of what? He would not put it into words. . . .

They went out together. They did not talk until Ceil said: "Ask it, Frank. Quickly."

"You didn't—you didn't stay last night—" Frank began, and Ceil said: "No. No! I left him."

That was all. An end of fear and doubt.

"How about a cup of coffee?" said Frank. "And do you like square-cut diamonds in engagement rings?"

"Square is all right with me," Ceil said.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—The accompanying early photo is of a daughter of the late H. S. H. Duke of Teck. She has more sons than daughters. She married a duke in 1893, followed her own desires in coverings for the seat of intellect, and now is in virtual retirement. Who is she?

2—How much did a four-cylinder Ford cost in 1905?

3—Who moved from Russia to Norway, and recently to Mexico?

4—Is Nassau in the British West Indies or in the Bahamas?

5—When was the United States last without a President?

6—Henry Wheeler Shaw (1818-85) was better known by what name?

7—Doctors of medicine anciently took what oath?

8—Calamity Jane, Buffalo Bill, and General Custer lived again in which recent motion picture?

9—Of what nationality was the inventor of the jinrikisha?

10—Who in the Bible changed the specific gravity of a metal?

11—How can lump sugar be burned so as to flame until consumed?

12—How is the pitch of a jew's-harp affected?

13—If the battleship Idaho, commissioned in 1919, cost $13,472,100, about how much did the West Virginia, commissioned in 1923, cost?

14—What is a Gretna Green marriage?

15—If Napoleon owned a conquest complex, what type had Keats?

16—What small Chinese fruit is sour within and sweet without?

17—Trilby's chief physical beauty was in her what?

18—Who is Emperor of Ethiopia?

19—Who wrote Monsieur Beaucaire?

20—Who was the Song and Dance Man?

(Answers will be found on page 43)

A WARNING TO THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

Grim Words for Election Losers—We Must Mend Our Ways or Perish, Says an Eminent and Outspoken Rebel Within the Ranks

by HAMILTON FISH
REPUBLICAN MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM NEW YORK

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MR. CHARLES MICHELSON, director of the Democratic Publicity Bureau, has recently in a public statement advised the Republican Party to become conservative and to represent the conservative interests. This is the same kind of advice that Thomas Jefferson gave the Federalists in 1800, after which they never won a Presidential election, and that the Democrats gave the Whigs in 1850 when they started to disappear as a party. If the Republicans follow Mr. Michelson's advice there will not be enough votes cast for the Republican ticket in the next national election to permit it to remain on the ballot or to continue as a party.

The Democratic Party today is radical, and we must be liberal and avoid being either radical or reactionary. In the recent election we appealed to the conservative Democrats under the leadership of John W. Davis, and what did we get? Nothing at all. If the Republican Party is to disappear, let it go down with its flag flying, as it began, as the party of human rights and constitutional government, but not as a party of wealth and reaction. It must be liberalized in leadership and policies. If it is not, in the next election we won't even carry Maine and Vermont.

To " liberalize " does not mean to enter into competition with President Roosevelt for the radical, Farmer-Labor, Socialist, or Communist votes. It means a return to the early principles of the Republican Party, proclaimed by Lincoln, that human rights are superior to property rights and that labor is prior to and independent of capital.

In using the word " liberal " I don't mean liberal with other people's money; I am in favor of a balanced budget and the practice of national economy.

The standpat and reactionary leaders with which the Republican Party is loaded must be scrapped for new, younger, and more vigorous leaders who believe in the humane policies of Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt, and who have faith in the plain people. Until this is done there will not be much chance of restoring the confidence of the voters. We cannot afford to stand pat and changeless in a changing world.

The purpose of this article is to call on all Republicans,

liberals and conservatives alike, who love the Republican Party and believe that it is needed more today than ever before, to reaffirm its early principles of human rights, social and industrial justice, and a square deal for labor, the farmer, the business man, in private property, and equal opportunities for all.

On such a platform the Republicans could be united, and millions of wage earners and liberals who have been driven out of the party because of reactionary, stupid, and discredited Old Guard leadership would return.

However, we might as well face the fact that any attempt to liberalize the party will be fought covertly by the Bourbons and the relics of a past generation, practically all of whom are over sixty years of age, who still have a powerful grasp on the Republican organization and leadership and are now slowly strangling the party to death. It is no easy task to dislodge them, but it must be done if the party is to survive.

As I said in the preconvention campaign, when I was urging the nomination of Senator William E. Borah as the Republican candidate for President, the Old Guard would rather have the Republican Party defeated than win with some one whom they did not control. Many of the Old Guard leaders, unless they are in the saddle, prefer the party to be defeated so that they can rule the wreck afterward. Since the recent election, however, there has not been much left of the wreck to rule.

The question is whether the Republican Party can actually survive under its own name and go forward to future victories. If the party is to disappear, then let's build a Constitutional Party, an American Party, a Liberal Party, or adopt the old Jeffersonian name of Republican-Democratic Party, but not a Conservative Party to represent a handful of big taxpayers, bankers, employers of labor, and special interests. That was not the purpose of the Republican Party.

I predict that in the next election the New Deal or Democratic Party will be split in twain, and the Farmer-Labor, Socialists, and radicals of various degrees will form a third party under the name of a Farmer-Labor Party, and be headed by Senator La Follette and John L. Lewis. If that develops, a reorganized, revitalized, and liberalized Republican Party, standing for social and industrial justice under the Constitution and our American system of government, will sweep the country in 1940.

AT present the Republican Party faces a crisis, and this is no time to pussyfoot or use weasel words. We must at the outset recognize the fact that the party can pull through and be revitalized, but it must make clear by words and actions that it has no connection directly or indirectly with the American Liberty League, which is anathema to the poorer people and whose members appeared to be its main financial bulwark in the last election. The huge contributions of the du Ponts, Mellons, and Morgans and other so-called economic royalists, including the steel, oil, and public-utility interests, caused the wage earners to feel that the Republican Party was controlled by wealth and special interests, and played directly into the hands of President Roosevelt during the campaign.

This fact, combined with the ghastly blunder of the Republican high command in making bitter attacks on the Social Security Act and inspiring the employers of labor to use the pay-roll envelopes—an un-American and undemocratic method of distributing vicious propaganda—against it, was disastrous. Mr. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, declared publicly that the Social Security Act was the most progressive piece of legislation ever passed by Congress for the benefit of American wage earners. No one claims that the act is perfect, but the underlying principles are right, and if amendments based on experience are needed to carry out effectively the purpose of the act, the Congress will readily comply.

The tragedy of the attack on the Social Security Act by the Republican National Committee for partisan purposes was that in the House of Representatives only seventeen Republicans voted against the bill, and in the Senate only five. In spite of an overwhelming Republican vote for the measure in both houses of Congress, it was denounced in the bitterest terms by John Hamilton, the Republican national chairman.

This deplorable political strategy was followed by practically all the bigwigs throughout the last month of the campaign, until it became the outstanding issue and caused the defeat of numerous Republican candidates for Congress in the industrial districts. We lost New York City by 1,375,000, and Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and Los Angeles by huge and unprecedented majorities.

In this terrific landslide of ballots in the big industrial centers Republican candidates for all political offices were bowled over like ninepins and replaced by Democrats who are now intrenched in power and supported by vast patronage. Shortsighted and politically inexperienced Republicans seek to compare our recent disaster with the defeats of the Democratic Party in 1920, 1924, and 1928. Unfortunately, there is no real basis for such a comparison. Even in defeat the Democrats had a powerful minority in both House and Senate and controlled extensive political patronage throughout the nation.

LAST November the sum total of Republican success was eighty-eight members of the House, an all-time low in percentage; sixteen left in the Senate, and the governors of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and South Dakota. There were only six Republican Senators elected. Four were outstanding liberals—McNary, Borah, Capper, and Bridges—and the other two, White and Lodge, had labor support and favor Republican liberalization.

In spite of this overwhelming defeat, I still have an abiding faith. I do not propose to outline a party platform in this article. That will be done by the Republicans in Congress as the issues develop. It is their duty and responsibility to initiate, shape, formulate, and consummate Republican policies upon which the party must be rebuilt, and it will be upon that record that the next congressional campaign in 1938 will be fought, and not upon any proclamations of the National Committee. If we want to elect any more members of Congress it would be advisable to put the political snuffer on the National Committee before the remaining Republican wage earners are driven into the camp of our political enemies.

It must be self-evident that the Republicans in Congress must not compromise with the advocates of Marxism, Socialism, radicalism, or any form of class hatred. On the other hand, we must not go back to the old order. We must go forward on a sound, sane, and liberal program, conservative on the fundamentals of government, such as the Constitution, Bill of Rights, and private property, and against the delegation of legislative powers to the Chief Executive, and forward-looking in our treatment of new economic conditions in the interest of both the American farmer and laborer. Both the farmer and laborer should receive a greater share in the profits of their labor under a modified system of capitalism.

We must make known without reservations our determination to represent the average American, and especially the American family having an income of a thousand to five thousand dollars a year. We must assure them of security in jobs, homes, and savings. The Republican Party was born in the West, and I believe that, down in their hearts, the farmers of the West still incline to be Republicans. If we adopt a liberal program and give them some encouragement they will support our candidates. But they are still fearful of the specter of Wall Street control of farm prices by stock and grain exchange manipulations and of the Old Guard Republican leadership.

President Roosevelt, Jim Farley, and the Democratic National Committee exerted every possible influence to defeat me for re-election to Congress, and threw almost everything at me except the kitchen stove, but the voters in my district refused to be dictated to and gave me a majority of approximately 24,000, or 5,000 more than in either 1932 or 1934. As one who has served for sixteen years in Congress and was re-elected by an increased majority, I will not remain silent and permit the Republican Party to commit suicide under leaders who refuse to recognize that a political revolution has taken place.

THE END

SEND UP A BOY!

A Revealing Cross-Section of This Thing Called Life as a Sapient Bellhop Sees It

as told to

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

She was carrying a basket which she wouldn't give to me.

SHE was a bathing beauty from somewhere out West, stopping off in New York. There was a fellow in 412 who was simply nuts to show her the town, but she wouldn't fall for him. He sent her flowers, tried to call her up, and even had me give him a ring whenever she showed up in the lobby. None of it helped him a bit. Then one day he called me to his room and gave me a long thin envelope.

"Take this to Miss North Pole," he said.

On the way down the hall I held the envelope to the light. There wasn't any letter in it—just a hundred-dollar bill. Five minutes after I'd delivered it to the bathing beauty, she called me back to her room and asked a lot of questions about the fellow in 412. Then she gave me a note to take to him. That night they went out together. Me? I got a five-dollar tip out of her and ten bucks from him.

Here's a funny thing about hotels: The biggest ones don't give as good a slant on human nature as the middle-sized ones. You're closer to 'em there. For instance, there was a fellow who came to an apartment hotel where I worked, near Park Avenue. He knew I'd been running calls for his wife. So he came to me one day and told me exactly what those calls had been—he'd had detectives on her, I guess. Then he said, "Now, listen. I'm going to get a divorce. I want you to testify for me. I'll make it right with you."

"How right?" I asked.

"I'll give you ten dollars."

"Sure," I said; "I'll be right there. You won't even have to subpœna me."

I did that so I would be sure not to get stuck with a subpœna. If he had said ten thousand, it might have been different. I hurried around to his wife and told her what her husband was doing—which allowed her to build up her fences—and then, when the trial approached, I got out of town. I figured I'd rather lose a week's work than help a guy who expected people to rat on his wife for ten dollars. He didn't get his divorce.

You meet 'em plenty goofy now and then. There was the dumpy little woman who came into a New York hotel one night with a man following her. I thought sure she'd be refused a room; all the baggage she had was a package wrapped in brown paper.

She told the clerk that he'd better be nice to her, that she owned this hotel, the Ritz, the Commodore, and the Vanderbilt—and kept it a secret. The least kind of discourtesy and she'd have everybody fired. A Western Union boy stepped in front of her with a wire, whereupon she threatened that if he ever did it again she'd call out her one thousand soldiers and have him massacred. The clerk gave her the room, which surprised me. I took her up. Instead of a tip, she said she'd speak to the President and have me made ambassador to France.

I went back to the desk and asked why they hadn't told her the place was full. The clerk laughed.

"One of the best and quietest guests we've got," he said. "She's been coming here for years, always with that same lingo and that same funny package. After she gets in the room she never causes anybody any trouble. The fellow with her? That's her husband, and I haven't heard him speak a word in five years."

You've got to know how to cater to that kind. Like an old fellow I know in the hotel where I'm working. If he sends you out on an errand, say for a package of cigarettes, and you mention the price when you come back, he'll not only refuse you a tip, but he won't even speak to you for a week. But if you just let things ride, he'll stop some day and hand you a ten-dollar bill.

I was hopping bells in a Loop hotel in Chicago a few years ago when a quiet little woman came in. She was well dressed, and I thought it queer that she should be carrying a market basket which she wouldn't give to me. It was covered with muslin.

She'd been there before and she was a real character. Poker Annie Butts, she was called, one of the last of the real Western gamblers. She smoked big black cigars, and for years she was one of the best faro dealers and poker players out around Deadwood, South Dakota.

Well, I got Poker Annie all planted, and after a while she went out to a theater. Along about eleven o'clock an elevator boy tipped me off that there was some excitement on the eighteenth floor. A gang of guests, house detectives, chambermaids, and bellboys were in front of the door of Poker Annie's room. Enough noise was coming from inside to stun a boiler factory.

"Maybe we'd better go into the room," the house dick said. Just then Poker Annie stepped off the elevator.

"Well," she said sarcastically, "what's wrong about my cat having kittens?"

The next day she went away with that muslin-covered basket. Only there were eight meows in it now.

THE END

Prosperity

BACK WITH A BANG IN CALIFORNIA

IF Florida is having a second boom, then California can be having nothing less than a second gold rush. But the rushers of 1937 are tourists, hurrying to spend, not to dig.

California, during the opening weeks of 1937, shared with most of the country her quota of disaster. New York had balmy spring breezes laden with influenza bugs; the Middle West, floods; California, snow and frost that sent air liners crashing and destroyed half of her tremendous citrus-fruit output.

But not even this could stem California's terrific influx of visitors. The rush is on—a happy hurricane of prosperity over all southern California, with its center in Los Angeles County. Here, twenty-five of the nation's leading economists are agreed, is the apex of all the West for better business; here, one asserts, is the " best territory " in the entire United States for sales.

I went out to investigate. Like Florida, California was no novelty to me. One of my former properties—the Los Angeles Daily News—today is the largest tabloid newspaper west of Chicago.

The Los Angeles boom got under way last year. Los Angeles County, with a resident population of 2,300,000, had more than 7,000,000 visitors. This year southern California expects at least 30 per cent more.

Wherever you live, there are all sorts of transportation facilities that will hurry you to cheerful California. Three continental railroads. Five transcontinental air services and two West Coast lines. But the highways bear most of the load of traffic. You may come in a custom-built limousine or in a standard factory coupé. Or you may come here—as a census taken a few weeks ago revealed that more than 100,000 have come—in a trailer.

What is California's lure?

Climate, of course, for one thing. Three days out of four, last year, were clear; twenty-eight had rain; the rest were cloudy. The average temperature hovered near 70 degrees, winter and summer.

Then southern California is the cheapest place to live in the entire country. This has been widely publicized, and is true. Food is less expensive here than anywhere else. And nowhere is there such a variety of it, or of places in which to eat it.

Besides being hospitable, Californians are sensible. Prices have not skyrocketed. Life still has no cover charge. You will find hotel and apartment prices reasonably right. Often they are appreciably lower than elsewhere. No one is being forced to pay

Good News from the West!—The Inspiring Story of an Amazing Recovery

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

too much for anything. The Californians saw to that. Even the guests who couldn't or didn't wish to live in hotels and apartments have been carefully provided for. Bungalow courts are being built to take care of these visitors, and their numbers run into the hundreds of thousands. Tourists are being invited to *stay*.

The trailer tourist, too, fares well. He parks his rolling home in a " city " of other trailers. His rent and electricity for seven days cost exactly one dollar. You can buy your trailer after you get out here, if you prefer, for there are more than seventy trailer builders in business in the southern California area today.

Altogether, it is quite conceivable that of the millions who visit Los Angeles, many will decide to take up permanent residence. First city in point of population on the Pacific Coast, Los Angeles last year became the fifth most populous city in the United States. To keep abreast of her tremendous tourist traffic, she built more than $120,000,000 worth of new buildings during 1936—$50,000,000 more than in '35. This year will break all records.

Industrially, too, Los Angeles is a giant. Today, in fifth place, it leads the nation in motion-picture production, oil refining, manufacture of airplanes, and the growing of citrus fruits. It ranks second in automobile assembly plants, tire and rubber production, and harbor activities; third in furniture manufacture. Last year its 3,507 factories produced more than $600,000,000 worth of manufactured goods.

Los Angeles has become the largest trade center west of Chicago. It has a dense close-in market of 3,500,000 persons in southern California and a tributary marketable area of 11,000,000.

Last year its great harbor at San Pedro, twenty-two miles from City Hall, was second only to New York in ocean-borne foreign commerce. Simultaneously, San Pedro—or Los Angeles Harbor, as it is just as often called—became the nation's first fisheries port in poundage. And besides exports and imports, fish and fishermen, San Pedro has sailors—56,000 of them. For it is the southwestern home of the United States fleet.

Just south of Los Angeles, at Newport, Balboa, and other spots, more than 1,000 private yachts, valued at more than $50,000,000, are anchored. Week ends, the yachting colony in these ports is second only to that which frequents Miami, Florida, in winter. And in these waters the trim craft at anchor have sufficient elbow room. Southern Californians are learning to sail in a big, big way.

They are also learning to ski, skate, coast, and snowshoe, for a quarter of this magic area is hemmed in by towering mountains. On a week end one sees thousands of cars, on which are strapped skis and sleds, bound for the high Sierras. Zero or 100-degree temperatures, whichever you prefer, are yours within a couple of hours' motoring in California.

by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

Down on the desert at Palm Springs there is a real-estate boom. Scores of buildings and homes and hotels by the dozen have been erected. Though none of the hotels is as magnificent as the El Mirador or the Desert Inn, they give accommodations to 1,500 guests daily. The large hotels in Palm Springs find themselves doing 65 per cent more business this year than last.

Nor is the rush of American tourists entirely responsible for this. One hotel man told me:

"We're getting a surprising number of English people—and even some from Australia!"

A little north of Palm Springs at the base of the San Bernardino Mountains, a half-acre subdivided lot that could have been purchased last year for about $500, today will cost you from $1,500 to $2,500.

Twenty miles away, La Quinta, one of the most beautiful desert resorts in the world, shows a 50 per cent increase in business over the same period in 1936.

Prosperity has spread out nicely, so that every town, resort, and city is getting its share. Even little Coronado, with its fine big year-round resort hotel, saw an increase in building permits of $150,000 over the year before. And nearly triple the number of guests registered at the Del Coronado.

The $220,000,000 Colorado River Aqueduct is more than half completed. The gigantic transmission line from the Boulder Canyon Dam is completed, its electrical energy lighting thousands of homes nightly. The Mono project, insuring an adequate water supply for Los Angeles for hundreds of years, soon will be finished.

A year ago all three projects were just being born.

Thirty years ago the Imperial Valley was arid desert waste, three quarters of it below the level of the sea. Today it has 612,000 acres of cultivated land, equipped with 1,700 miles of irrigation canals. From it comes much of Los Angeles' food: chickens, dairy products, grapefruit, oranges, tangerines, melons, and every conceivable vegetable.

Fifty years ago the San Fernando Valley was a grainfield. Last year, $10,000,000 worth of new homes were built there, and the farm crop, at Hollywood's back door, was four times what it had been a year before.

All the earmarks of an unprecedented prosperity are visible everywhere. Millions of dollars will be expended during the coming year for work on California's rivers and harbors. The Southern California Telephone Company reported last year an increase of 60 per cent over the previous year in the number of phones in use in Los Angeles.

But for all of her industrial and agricultural accomplishments, Los Angeles remains one of America's most delightful playgrounds. You can relax in the sand and sun of long white beaches and cavort in the briny deep. You can take your children to fifty playgrounds and five mountain camps maintained by the city and visited last year by 22,000,000 persons.

Night clubs have played to such capacity business that in sheer self-defense they have tilted their prices. Now new ones are being frantically constructed. Yet there are few places in the world that can rival Hollywood's famous Vendome or Beverly Hills's Victor Hugo for luncheon; or the Ambassador's Cocoanut Grove, the Clover Club, or Trocadero in the evening. And certainly none as fashionable as the many Brown Derbies.

By all means go out to the beautiful Santa Anita race track. If you're not interested in watching the horses, you'll probably find movie stars to watch. Incidentally, in 1936 Hollywood dropped two billion dollars into the movie business; Hollywood expects to top that figure by half a billion in 1937. Why not? Revenues at the country's box offices in 1936 rose 35 per cent.

Radio has gone Hollywood too. In 1935 six headline network shows originated in Hollywood; last year twenty-five of them went on the air from Hollywood and made busy movie stars $3,000,000 wealthier.

Never in all her fondest daydreams has southern California anticipated anything like this boom!

THE END

Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc., photo

Acme photo

Los Angeles, golden "storm center" of a dazzling California prosperity—"a magic area partly hemmed in by mountains"—as it looks from the air. Right: Point Firmin, on San Pedro Harbor.

WILL Sonja Henie CHANGE AMERICAN STYLES IN BEAUTY?

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 26 SECONDS

A SLIM young man with gray eyes sat regarding a very pretty girl whose round young face and blonde curls and enormous dimples made her look rather like a grown-up Shirley Temple. There were dimples, too, on her small hands and, though he could not see them at the moment, dimples in her round knees.

He knew about the dimples in her knees because he had, a few hours before, seen her win the Olympic Skating Championship and the whirling skirt of her white costume had plainly revealed them.

Watching her gay, triumphant face, he said, "But how does it feel to be beaten?"

The girl's face underwent a subtle change. He became conscious of the firm jaw. He found himself looking into brown eyes that were steady and purposeful.

"I have never been beaten," said a clear young voice.

The man was Richards Vidmer, sports columnist of New York. The girl, Sonja Henie of Norway. Scene: Lake Placid during the Winter Olympic Sports of 1932.

"And," said Mr. Vidmer when he told me about it—a long time before the name Sonja Henie went up in electric lights along Broadway and Main Street—"I knew I was looking at a real champion."

I knew what he meant. There is a look about champions—real champions—that is unmistakable.

I was watching for that look when I met Sonja Henie.

My first thought was, "Why, she's just a little girl!"

My second was one of those funny flashbacks of memory—Anne Morrow Lindbergh's story about the plum tree. Do you remember it in North to the Orient? A Japanese statesman told her that in Japan the plum tree was the symbol of courage. She was surprised—she had expected it to be the oak or the pine. But the Japanese gentleman said, "No. The plum tree—for it has the courage to put forth its blossoms while the snow is still on the ground."

Somehow that is rather like Sonja Henie to me.

For that pretty, winsome, almost childish exterior conceals the steel and the courage and the self-discipline and the endurance of body and spirit that go to make up a girl who won her first world's championship as the best figure skater and has held that and three Olympic championships for ten years in competition against the best.

The youngest world's champion history has ever known—that was Sonja Henie in 1927. Today a motion-picture star—our newest public idol.

The Roxy Theater in New York City has played 450 pictures. Only eleven of them have held over for three weeks. Sonja Henie's was the eleventh—and topped them all. One in a Million is her first picture, and she was known only as a skater.

Not so many years ago a nation of girls imitated the languid walk, the sophisticated manner, the slightly bored and arrogant expression of Constance Bennett. She influenced a generation to lipstick and darkened eyelids and perfume. She set a fashion in beauty that literally millions followed. That was why, while the wild vogue lasted, she was worth $300,000 a picture, more money than any other woman ever got.

Today we have Sonja Henie flaring across the horizon. A girl of the snows, with strength and power molded into womanly beauty, with the freshness of perfect physical condition. Will she create a new type of girl goddess as a model for young America?

It is a strange coincidence that the two pictures which today are causing the greatest comment, drawing the biggest audiences, should be Sonja Henie's One in a Million and Garbo's Camille.

IN Camille—that deathless story of the lady of the camellias who loved and lost and died for love—the great Garbo has reached the peak of her art. Perhaps the peak of any acting the screen has ever seen.

Garbo plays here the flower of the Paris nights of a century ago. The flame of love for the man she must give up burns in a body so frail that it shines through like a candle shaded by some faint gauze. When she stoops to pick up a fan, you wonder if she will be able to lift it. When she walks beside Robert Taylor she gasps a little for each breath. She moves among laces and ribbons and fans and jewels and hothouse camellias.

Behind this great performance—and I say great, having seen Sarah Bernhardt play the same part—is a story that, when I knew it to be true, amazed me. For it wasn't enough for Garbo to suggest by her acting this woman whose life is being daily sapped by a fatal disease. While she was playing the part Greta Garbo actually endangered her life.

Her normal weight is 130 pounds. When she finished Camille she weighed 100 pounds. Her face was white and haggard, and her bones showed through the transparent flesh. For weeks there was constant concern for her health. That is absolutely true.

But, at whatever cost, she gives you upon the screen a woman you will never forget. The fascination, the deadly fascination, the frail, devastating beauty, the loveliness of a hothouse flower blooming exotically and then beginning to fade—it's all there. And there is no trick, no device, no allure known to hothouse women since Cleopatra that isn't there upon the screen for you to see.

The great Garbo—with all the strange, nameless, exotic lure, all the throbbing emotion, all the beauty of passion and of sex keyed at its highest pitch.

Against that, what have you?

A girl with dimples who can skate. An unknown girl against the best known star in pictures. A round young thing, a novice beside Garbo in acting. A novice? A baby! But a champion.

SONJA HENIE entered Hollywood exactly as she entered her first race when she was eight years old. To win. As she has gone on competing ever since. To win.

A wise man in San Francisco said to me once, "The difference between a champion and those who aren't champions is that a champion never quits."

Back of Sonja Henie's long list of titles are long hours of work—two and three hours in the morning. Four hours in the afternoon. Exercises for flexibility and grace. Self-discipline—the hardest kind. Sacrifice, which every champion knows. That drive that makes a champion always able to be tops at exactly the right moment of competition.

The vividness of Sonja Henie's personality—which is so young and sweet and *cute* — isn't softness, though it looks soft. It's strength. The unbelievable grace of her that keeps you breathless is power.

Do you remember Hans and Gretel —Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates and his little sister Gretel? Do you remember how Hans taught her to skate, until she won the great race against all the girls of Holland? How they adored each other?

In the little town of Oslo, in Norway, upon the beautiful Christiania Fiord, lived another brother and sister. They were not poor, as Hans and Gretel were poor. Their father was a prosperous fur merchant, and they lived in a lovely gray stone house with two stories, where it was always gay and warm, and where there were dancing lessons for the little girl and teachers for the little boy.

Their names were Lief and Sonja Henie. A rather solemn, earnest big brother and a dimpled little sister who idolized him and followed him everywhere.

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Hans, in the storybook, made little Gretel a pair of wooden skates. They couldn't, you remember, afford to buy any. But at last, when the little wooden skates wore out, he earned enough by hard work for a pair of shining, slim ones—bought them for her instead of for himself, though his boy's heart longed for the winged things.

Of course the Henie children didn't face anything like that. Yet the story tugs at your heartstrings too, the story of Sonja Henie's first pair of skates.

It happened this way: Lief, of course, already had skates—had had them for three years. But Sonja didn't have any because she was too little—she was only six. Then came Christmas morning. For the little sister Sonja there were a big doll and toys and books and a small cooking stove. Everything, it would seem, that a very small girl's heart could desire.

It was Lief who found her later, hidden in a corner, the wonderful doll dumped recklessly on its head.

"Oh, Lief," she said, and choked on it, "there were no skates. I thought I am big enough for skates."

Well, Lief's chum was the son of the man who ran the sporting goods store. Of course it was closed on Christmas. Still—Lief went out quietly. He took his Christmas money. His friend's father opened the store and that afternoon his little sister had her skates.

Every day after that, somewhere upon the majestic frozen fiord—as you once saw Hans and Gretel upon the frozen canals of Holland—you might have seen Lief Henie and his little sister Sonja. Lief knew how to skate. He had even had lessons from the best masters in Norway. At first Sonja held her brother's

Garbo—with her strange exotic lure—and "a girl with dimples who can skate."

hand. At first she took terrific spills. Then she skated solemnly and joyously beside him—and then began to skim like a bird, as though she had found at last her native element.

When she was eight, without telling any one but Lief, Sonja Henie entered her first race. The contestants were all the little girls in Oslo.

There is no account of that event written by great sports writers. Yet I think, strangely enough, I can give you one—and, it seems to me, almost word for word.

"Who is first? Not Rychie, Katrinka, Annie, Hilda, nor the girl in yellow—but Gretel. . . . *Gretel has won the Silver Skates!*" From that hour Gretel stands acknowledged Queen of the Skaters.

That might have been written of little Sonja Henie.

Only three years after that little Sonja was to be indeed champion of all the skaters of the world—was to be the guest of King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway—in time to skate before the King of England and the Prince of Wales—and before Hitler and Mussolini and receive their acclaim.

In Oslo, in 1924, Sonja Henie found herself suddenly—third in the drawing—sliding out on the ice before the eyes of crowds and judges—competing with women from every country, veterans of such contests—a little girl eleven years old daring to challenge the best skaters in the world.

It was then, when she became the youngest national champion on record, that Sonja Henie showed for the first time that other essential qualification of the real champion.

Showmanship. I have never seen one who didn't have it.

Sonja Henie showed it that day back in 1924 when she went up against her first great competition. It had taken some persuading to gain consent from her father and mother. Her fat, jolly father, her pretty, gay mother. It didn't seem possible—this *child*—this baby of theirs—in an event which all Norway watched.

Once that consent was won, Sonja bent her mind upon two things only: Perfect condition—and she made Lief come with her while she practiced all her beautiful figures on the ice again and again—and a costume. She must have a special costume. It must be appropriate. It must be beautiful. But above all, it must be unusual and striking, so that the eyes of the judges would miss no movement, would not overlook this little girl in the presence of grown women who knew so much.

There were excited days of consultation and dispute. But it was Sonja herself who decided upon a costume all white. All white, close cut, and with soft white fur framing her pretty, dimpled face.

That white costume has been her very own ever since.

When she went to Hollywood, quite deliberately, with one aim in view, that instinct for showmanship didn't desert her.

ANOTHER well known sports writer, Bill Corum, told me another revealing story about this girl. They had met at some one of the great contests, and Sonja was, as usual, merry and gay and bubbling over with life. It seemed to Corum that she lived in the joy of the moment, like a child.

"Don't you ever think ten years ahead, Sonja?" he said.

"Oh, yes," said Sonja Henie, suddenly very still, suddenly very sure. "Oh, yes. I am going to be an actress. Maybe in the movies."

Before her magic skates came along, she had always intended to be either a dancer or an actress. When she was four she took dancing lessons—not that there's any thing unusual in that. But she kept on with it. When she was eighteen she went to London and studied and worked hard and wholeheartedly, as she did everything—with Mme. Karsavina. And she began then to combine the two, out of her own head. Dancing on skates. She told Mme. Karsavina about it. She began to work out combinations of the dances and ballets she learned with the hundreds of fancy skating figures she knew. She began to fit this combination to music.

She had one great advantage, this girl from Norway: With all the power you feel behind her, none of it seems to have crept into her physical appearance. Of course she looks healthy, wholesome, like a creature whose body is perfect at all times. But there are no muscles that you can see. She hasn't one touch of the "muscle moll" that the sports writers write about and laugh over. The strength seems to radiate through the prettiness and the feminine charm of her, but in those skating costumes she is—literally—like a Dresden china doll.

And that is an advantage.

There is no outward sign of the cool, careful mind, the steady determination, the strong, forceful personality that her whole career proves. But we know that she went to Hollywood better prepared for the battle to conquer that golden city than any other girl we can remember. She was not an actress, this girl, but she was no novice when it came to displaying personality, when it came to catching the spotlight and holding it, when it came to giving a great show. Why, she had been doing that since she was eleven—maybe even since she was eight. Newspapermen who saw her in three Olympic Games tell me that always she "stood the crowd on its ear."

In 1936 she won her third victory in the greatest of all amateur sports events—the Olympics. There were no more amateur worlds left for her to conquer.

"I SPENT a great many hours of deep thought—of indecision and unhappiness before I turned professional," she told me. "But—it's the strangest thing. Once I had made the decision, I never gave it another thought. It seemed right and proper—a development that had to come. You have to grow up. I couldn't go on being an amateur skating champion forever. It was time, maybe, some one else had a chance. And I had greater ambitions."

That—those greater ambitions—led her to Hollywood via Madison Square Garden, where in four appearances she played to 90,000.

Hollywood didn't "discover" Sonja Henie. It didn't reach out and grab her. Miss Henie, all her dimples showing, discovered Hollywood—and took it by storm. With a quiet, careful, planned attack.

When she and her pretty mother arrived in the city of cinema fame, Miss Henie hired a skating rink and with the most exquisite taste, with the most perfect showmanship, gave an exhibition of her skating. The affair was exclusive—it was planned in exactly the right way—and the Queen of the Skaters floated out upon the ice, wrapped in white satin, enfolded by a spotlight, her lovely legs and shining hair and dimples very much in evidence—and had them standing to cheer her in twenty minutes.

Darryl Zanuck signed her for Twentieth Century-Fox that very night.

To me her advent has been a thing of beauty and a real and honest joy. She's a vivid, exciting, lovely breath of something new. A different personality—as refreshing as a wind blowing down from snow-capped mountains after just a little too much night-club air. And in this one thing you must believe me—not to see Sonja Henie skate is to miss one of the rare moments of our times.

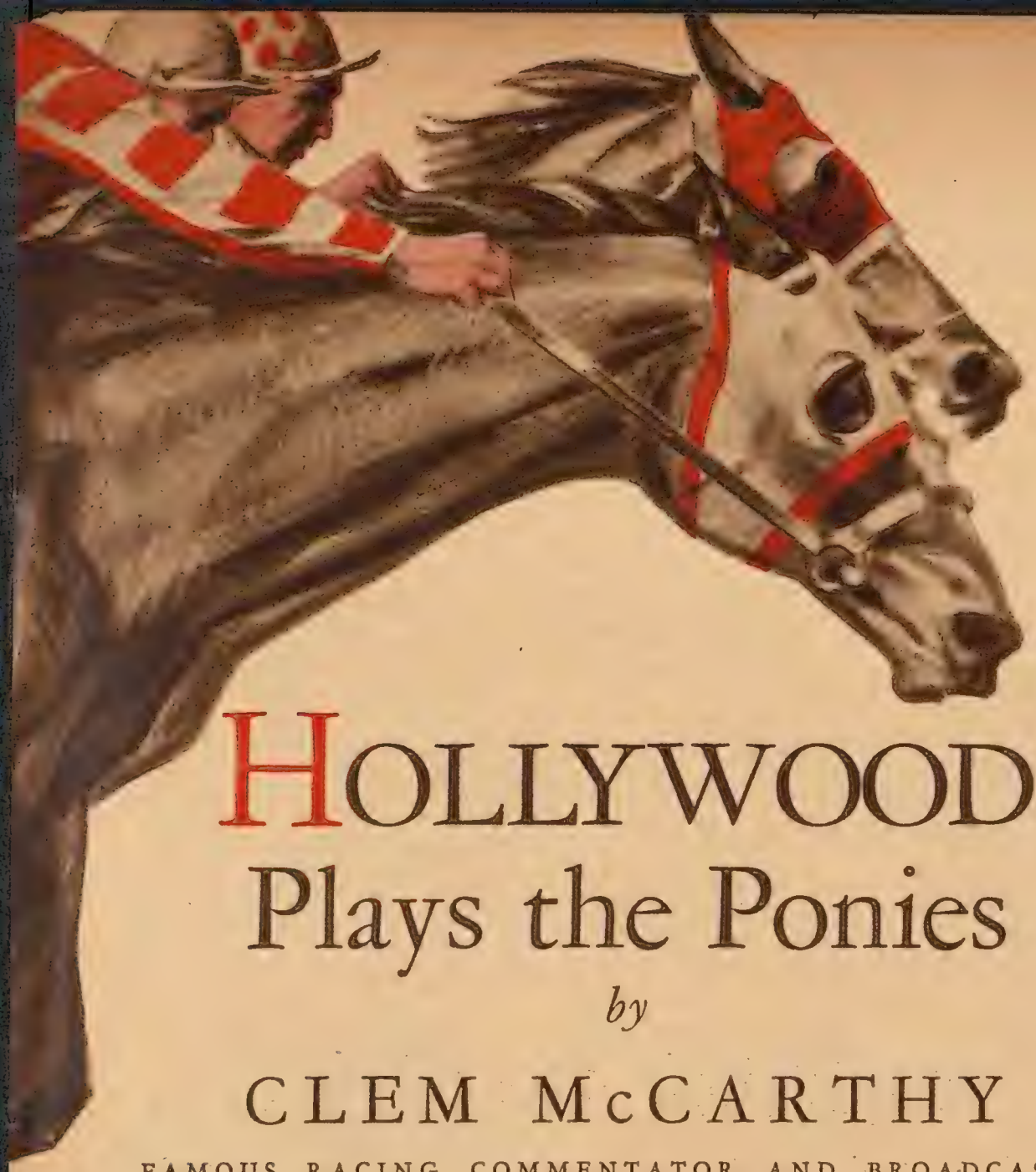
She won't be any one-picture novelty. Plans for her next pictures are already well under way. She's bought a white house with a swimming pool in Hollywood and is having her own private rink constructed. She is going to take out her first citizenship papers very soon—now that she feels she can bring no more athletic honors to Norway. Her father and mother have come with her. And she is, she admits, "very, very good friends" with Tyrone Power, Jr.—one of the handsomest of the youthful Hollywood leading men.

It's a gamble to go on record about a new star—like picking horse races or football games. But I'm going to pick Sonja Henie. I think she's going places. I think she may start a new fashion among the girls of America. She is—really—almost irresistible.

And—I can't forget she's a champion.

Whatever made her a champion is still there. I have a prejudice in favor of champions—real champions. Nobody can ever dispute Sonja Henie's right to that title. It's on the record books. Forever.

THE END



HOLLYWOOD Plays the Ponies

by

CLEM McCARTHY

FAMOUS RACING COMMENTATOR AND BROADCASTER

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

"YOU can't make money with it," Charles H. Strub was told by racing moguls of Kentucky, Chicago, and New York, following announcement by his newly formed Los Angeles Turf Club that for one race at its first winter meeting, the Santa Anita Handicap, it would add $100,000 to the stakes put up by horse owners.

But Strub assured his discouragers he did not aim to make money with the Santa Anita Handicap—in itself. "I merely expect it to draw the best horses and jockeys in America to our Santa Anita track. Los Angeles and Hollywood and the winter tourist trade will patronize high-class racing so enthusiastically that Santa Anita should prove a profitable investment."

The racing moguls shook their heads again. Not enough owners of good horses, they averred, would ship them way out to southern California. They should have been reminded, those doubting Thomases, of an old jingle—perhaps Strub had read it—that ends, "Money will make the mare to go." For the owners of the best horses, scores of them, put their champions and crack handicap racers into express cars and sped to Santa Anita. The best jockeys went along.

That was two years ago; and now, this coming February 27, with its third phenomenally prosperous meeting almost completed, the Los Angeles Turf Club will again hang up its hundred-grand plum. On that next to last day of this month there'll be upward of sixty thousand pairs of eyes focused on the beautiful Santa Anita racing park, some forty minutes northeast of Los Angeles, hard by Pasadena, and in the little town of Arcadia.

In that throng will be all the glamorous queens and sheiks and clowns and potentates of Hollywood . . . bankers and radio rajahs and band maestros and troubadours from New York and points four ways of the compass . . . socialites from Palm Beach and Santa Barbara. Sports celebrities will block your way. Seats and aisles and lawns and verandas will be crowded by the John and Mary Unknowns. And a jolly time should be had by all.

A thoroughbred doesn't get many chances to snap a hundred-grand pippin from racing's tree of plenty. In the more than two centuries that have passed since mighty Flying Childers set Britain's racing fans aghast with his speed, more than a million thoroughbreds have cantered up to a starting post. But, of all that million, only 103 were ever speeded down the homestretch with $100,000 waiting at the winning post.

Many of the greatest thoroughbreds never got a crack at so much as a ten-grand pot.

I recall vividly my first view of a horseman out of control at thoughts of riches that were almost in his grasp. Tall, lean, bewhiskered, and coatless and without collar, he stood in the center field of the Sheepshead Bay track as his fleet-footed colt showed the way to a field of twenty crack two-year-olds. Down that straight futurity course they dashed, this bright bay youngster shaking off one after another.

As he rounded the slight elbow where the straightaway joins the main oval, only a chestnut colt seemed within striking distance. Perceiving that chestnut's jockey go to the whip, the bay colt's bewhiskered owner let out a piercing shriek . . . tossed his hat to the winds . . . and, taking it on a long-legged gallop for the judges' stand, cried:

"I'm a rich man! My little colt wins fifty thousand dollars! I'm a rich man!"

Unhappily, those riches never were his. In the final strides a wealthy Wall Streeter's whirlwind black colt dashed up to snatch victory by the breadth of an eye.

I'VE never owned a good thoroughbred nor ridden one in a race. But I'd love to know at first hand the thrill that must be yours when your horse—in your colors!—comes through the paddock gate . . . in answer to the bugle . . . and parades to the post for a world-famous race like the Santa Anita Handicap.

Azucar and Time Supply and Top Row began training for it early in the winter. Firethorn, conqueror last spring of the season's ultimate champion, Granville, has entered the lists, and Red Rain, hero of the most sensational of all Hopeful Stakes runnings, went from a temporary retirement in Kentucky to train for the Santa Anita. Canada sent Stand Pat and British Columbia nominated Indian Broom. The giant Whopper entered from Florida; a scion of a rich sugar family gave $50,000 for King Saxon and entered him; a film magnate offered sixty and demurred at paying a hundred thousand for a promising candidate, the striking black Roman Soldier. Winners of English and French stakes are among the eligibles.

And who will win?

THE END

$100,000 For a Nose! The Story of Santa Anita's Spectacular Rise

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

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Crossed

Remember "Night Operator"? Here Is Guiding the Hand of Fate in

by LUCILE SELK

KUESTERMAN was out gunning for his wife. A light flashed in from his residence just as Teckla Thorkelson, night operator at the Winnesaukee exchange, took the board for 10 P. M. duty.

"There he is again!" cried Kathie Willets, day operator whom Teckla was relieving. Kathie hurriedly slipped her plug back into the board. "The poor sap's wised up at last. He's called from the Hotel Northwestern, the Chin-Chop-Suey, and the Corner Drug. Let's see what he wants!"

With large unflustered hands Teckla plugged in and intoned her impassive "Number, please?"

"Oh! Is that you, Teckla?" The frightened voice of Bee Bergeson, maid at the Kuesterman residence, vibrated into her ear. "Listen! The boss came in unexpected a half hour ago, found Volette gone and put his gun in his pocket. He's out looking for her. For heaven's sake, do you know where she is? I've got to warn her!"

Teckla's thin lips vanished in a crease of disapproval. Yes, she thought, I know where she is. Coming down the country road to work, one hour before, she had seen Volette parked in a luxurious car with Leonard Stehli, her husband's employer. Where Volette was with Stehli at the present moment was a matter for conjecture.

"No, I don't know," Teckla answered.

Wires

That Stirring Story's Heroine Again, a New and Exciting Adventure

EDGERTON

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON

"Well, I bet I could guess!" chirped in the seventeen-year-old Kathie. "Stehli reserved a berth for Kuesterman on tonight's six ten for Chicago. Stockholders' meeting tomorrow. He sent Kuesterman to represent him so that he could have a clear field with Volette. Only Kuesterman outsmarted him this time. He must have got off at the first stop and taken the bus back to Winnesaukee."

"Oh!" moaned Bee. "I've been afraid of this for weeks. And I'm so worried about my sister expecting that baby any minute—I should go to Helga, yet she isn't as worse off as Volette. I can't leave here. I've got to find Volette before her husband does. I'm afraid, Teckla. Terrible afraid!"

"What are you afraid for, Bee? It won't be any bullet through *your* brain."

"That isn't it. Volette doesn't realize what she's doing. She's sweet, Teckla. And she was straight as a die till Stehli got stuck on her. That big way he has went to her head. Watch carefully, will you? For heaven's sake, if you get a line on her, let me know!"

Stehli had been sending Kuesterman away on those business trips now for three months. No sooner did the faithful, unsuspecting Kuesterman register at his Chicago hotel than he put in a long-distance good-night call

Teckla's mind was on that overturned car on the Greentree road.

to his pretty wife in the little Wisconsin bungalow.

Teckla had an almost proprietary interest in the happy marital relation between Carl Kuesterman and his wife. She had put through their sweetheart calls the year before they were married, conducted, as it were, their courtship over the wire. She had summoned the minister who read the marriage service, and now, just a year later, she was ringing Volette's number for another man.

A light came up from a public pay station in the St. Paul Railway office. Teckla plugged in.

"Green three-four-o," said a deep masculine voice.

Carl Kuesterman's voice, usually mellow, had the sharp quality of a fire alarm.

The night operator rang the Kuesterman residence and Bee answered. Teckla dutifully listened in.

"Has Mrs. Kuesterman come in yet?"

"No, Mr. Kuesterman."

"Have you had any word from her?"

"No, Mr. Kuesterman. I only know she went to—to Fay Banning's to play bridge."

"But no one's home at the Bannings'. I've been there."

"Then—then maybe she's stopped at some of the other girls' houses. Maybe—"

"Never mind, Bee. Thank you." Kuesterman quickly drew down the receiver hook, breaking the connection.

He flashed and Teckla cut in with an attentive "Operator?"

"Red six thousand." This was the Stehli furniture plant of which he was assistant manager.

Teckla rang several times before she aroused the night watchman. But Mr. Stehli had not been at the plant this evening, he was not playing billiards at the Hotel Northwestern, he was not in his rooms in the Drex Apartments, he was not at the home of his fiancée, the wealthy and socially prominent Carol Severance.

"Whew!" whistled Kathie, pulling out her plug. "If that blonde hellcat ever finds out Stehli's been two-timing her, Mr. Stehli is not going to be husband to about five million dollars. Well, I've got a date. Much as I'd like to hang around for the fireworks, I have to break away."

Teckla paused in the act of hooking her number nines around the curved legs of her chair.

"Listen here, youngster. If you've been flirting over the line with any of them traveling salesmen— Where you going?"

"To Silver Beach—to dance."

"Does your mother know?"

Kathie cast upon her blonde inquisitor a look of sublime sophistication.

"Officially I'm going to the movies. Oh, Castleberry's O. K.! Bee Bergeson said so. He's been trying to sell Bee an electric sewing machine all week—that's his line, sewing machines. Bee's getting married in November and wants to make her own trousseau. Don't worry about Castleberry, Teckla. And his voice! Jiminy! It's like Gable's!"

Kathie's little pleated skirt flicked out the door.

THE summer night was sweltering. Above the open skylight thick clouds were massing below the stars. Sheet lightning emblazoned Winnesaukee, and from the distance thunder rolled into town.

Teckla wiped her red unpowdered face with a good-sized handkerchief and picked up her first toll ticket. It noted Cy Arnold of the cheese factory calling the wholesale plant in St. Paul. The outmoded equipment of this small privately owned company provided her no direct line to Minnesota, so she plugged in on a Wisconsin station and said, "Eau Claire, ring St. Paul for Winnesaukee!"

Coincidentally she plugged out an incoming signal from Eau Claire, and an efficient voice keyed for long distance announced: "Minneapolis calling T. J. Castleberry, Hotel Northwestern!"

Teckla connected with the hotel and switched back to Cy Arnold's call. She was waiting for Minnesota to answer when thunder clapped overhead and a jagged streak of lightning appeared through the skylight. Electricity cracked through the air and sent a volt down the switchboard that lifted her six inches from her chair. Her cam on the Eau Claire line was open, and a conversation came over the crossed wires, clear as a radio skit.

"Say, you big bum!" demanded a shrill soprano in Minneapolis. "What do you mean, sending me one ten-dollar money order in three weeks?"

"Listen, Lillian," expostulated Castleberry. "This is the worst town I've struck in my new territory. I've been running around like mad for six days trying to make the last sale of my quota."

"Oh, yeah? That doesn't buy shoes for the kids and pay the gas bill. If you think it's fun sitting here with two kids while you're chasing around the country having a good time—"

"Now, honey. You don't have to worry about me."

"Well, what about some more money? Hurry up! I borrowed a dollar from Betty to make this call."

The Gable-esque voice rose desperately:

"I'll send you fifty if I can sell another K-forty-six-twenty electric model by tomorrow noon!"

"I don't care if you sell one or if you don't. I've got to have some more money by Saturday. The rent's due. If you think it's fun—"

"Your time is up!" sang the efficient voice keyed for long distance.

With thin compressed lips Teckla yanked her cord out of the Eau Claire jack and plugged it with an out-of-order button.

A GUST of cool air swirled down through the skylight and a drop of rain plopped on the floor. Teckla rose, took an old fishing pole and poked the skylight shut. Soon the drops rang merrily on the heavy glass. Volts of electricity cracked into her ear and lines went out of order in dozen lots. In her little office in the upper back rooms of Meisel's shoe store Teckla picked up lights and plugged dead lines with out-of-order buttons. And as she worked she kept thinking of Carl Kuesterman.

She was not concerned about Volette getting the jolt she deserved—pretty little fool—but she did feel sorry for Kuesterman. Here was a fellow, kind, square, adoring—*ach!* she thought—a silly date, a ride in the dark, a jealous husband with a gun—tragedy.

Two lights came in, breaking her train of thought. The first was from the Corner Drug; the second from a suburban gas station. Kuesterman would be most likely to call from the Corner Drug, consequently Teckla answered that first. But it was Kathie's bright young voice that demanded the Hotel Northwestern.

"See here, youngster, if that traveling salesman hasn't turned up yet, you aren't going to chase him!"

"What do you think I'm going to do? Warm this stool another half-hour? I'm going to let that drummer know that when he dates up Kathie Willets—"

"Wait a minute," said Teckla. The gas station was flashing furiously and she plugged in.

"Green three-four-o, please." It was the tense voice of Volette Kuesterman.

Teckla drew her number nines higher around the legs of her chair and established the connection. Then she listened in.

"Hello?" came Bee's halting voice.

"Bee! This is me—Volette! Bee, I've got into a terrible jam. In the country. Wrecked. The car skidded on the wet pavement. We turned over."

"Are you hurt?"

"No. No, I'm not hurt—"

"Is Mr. Stehli hurt?"

"I think so. He hasn't moved. Oh, Bee, if only I hadn't come! I don't like him, and I can't have any one see me here with him. Bee, you have to drive out here and get me. Phone Dr. Berg first. Tell him—but what can we tell him, Bee? What can we—"

"We can't tell him and—I can't drive out there and get you. Mrs. Kuesterman, your husband's home. He came an hour ago. He took the car and he's out looking for you."

The Severance one-party line signal came in, flashing peremptorily.

Teckla jabbed into the jack and said, "Number, please?"

Carol Severance's imperious voice called Leonard Stehli's rooms in the Drex *(Continued on page 32)*

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY
CONTAINS 100 U.S.P. XI UNITS VITAMIN D
CONTAINS 4¾% OF ALCOHOL BY VOLUME
INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID
THE BREWERY'S OWN BOTTLING
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Today...It's Schlitz in "Steinies"

TASTE SCHLITZ TODAY . . . in the new, compact, easy-to-handle "Steinie" Brown Bottle. It is remindful of olden days . . . of beer sipped from the cool depths of stone steins.

Old-time brewmasters never enjoyed the facilities of modern science to assure uniform deliciousness to their brew but Schlitz has expended millions of dollars in research and development to make each glass uniformly delicious, appetizing and healthful.

With the first sip you instantly recognize the difference between Schlitz and other beers. That delightful, satisfying difference is old-time flavor which Schlitz brews with scientific uniformity into every sparkling drop.

It's the full-bodied flavor of rich barley-malt wedded to the piquant tang of the finest hops the world affords . . . brewed to the peak of ripe, mellow perfection under Schlitz Precise Enzyme Control. You may choose from the modern "Steinie" Brown Bottle . . . tall Brown Bottle . . . or Cap-Sealed Can . . . whichever suits your needs. Each brings you Schlitz at its best with the health benefits of Sunshine Vitamin D.

Schlitz "Steinie" Brown Bottles are compact—light in weight—easy to carry—take less space in your refrigerator. Contents same as regular bottle.

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JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO. *Milwaukee, Wis.*

(Continued from page 30) Apartments. Teckla rang and switched back to the Kuesterman connection.

"Where are you?" Bee was asking.

"I'm at the Triangle gas station on the Greentree road. I ran half a mile to get here, and I have to hurry back. I can't leave him there like that, Bee—he hasn't moved. Carl—if Carl— Oh, Bee!"

"Listen— "

There came a clap of thunder that seemed to lift the roof. Every light on the switchboard blinked. Teckla raised her earphone and shook off the detonation that must have cracked her eardrum. The two lights of the Kuesterman connection were dead. She rapidly worked the plugs in and out and flipped the cams. But an utter vacuity of sound obtained in those ten aerial miles between the Triangle gas station and the Kuesterman bungalow.

For several seconds her mild blue eyes under pale scraggly brows stared unblinkingly at those two dead lamps. She saw Volette at the dead wall phone, desperately clicking the receiver hook. She saw her turn, baffled, saw her plunge into the driving rain, saw her run down the country road to the overturned car. Soon some motorist was bound to pass that car and find Volette with Leonard Stehli. He would bring them back to town, to the hospital, and Carl would know—Carl who had only begun to suspect, who need never know if only in some way—in some manner—

Her hand picked up a plug. If there was one man in town you could trust it was Dr. Berg. She rang and asked for him.

"The doctor is out. Is there any message?"

"It's an emergency call, Mrs. Berg. This is the night operator. Have you any idea how long he'll be gone?"

"He's at Helga Pederson's, Teckla; she's having her baby."

"*Ach!* Well, I'm glad, poor thing. Three weeks overdue. . . . Don't bother the doctor, Mrs. Berg. I'll find another. Thank you."

Carol Severance flashed and a light came in from police headquarters. Teckla established the police call, which was to the village of Greentree. Trouble at that roadhouse again, she thought, and picked up Carol's signal.

The heiress called the Northwestern billiard hall, the Stehli plant, and several private homes, then Stehli's rooms at the Drex Apartments once more. An accidental flash brought Teckla in on the end of the conversation: "—no, nothing important. Mr. Stehli was to have come for cards this evening."

AH, but on how many nights lately had Carol Severance called the Drex Apartments, the billiard hall, the plant, and many private homes, looking for Leonard Stehli! Though the Severances rated five millions and were socially prominent throughout the state, they were decidedly strait-laced. It was known that Stehli's furniture business faced collapse, and that Carol Severance's money would turn the tide for him when their much publicized marriage took place the following month.

Teckla's mind was on that overturned car on the Greentree road, on the man who hadn't moved, on a younger, more desperate man searching in the rain with a gun in his pocket. She must find a doctor. But whom could she trust, aside from Berg? There was none to whom she could say, "Volette Kuesterman has been stepping out tonight with Leonard Stehli. Their car overturned and Stehli is seriously injured. They are ten miles out in the country, in the rain. Volette cannot desert that injured man, and her husband, who adores her, suspects her of unfaithfulness. He is out looking for her with a gun. Go to those two foolish people. Take that man to a doctor. Return that woman to her home. Lie for her. Lie to Carl—and save his faith in her."

Kathie called in from the Corner Drug.

"What time is it, Teckla?"

"It's eleven o'clock. Go home to your mother. You got no business making dates with traveling salesmen."

"I'm going to keep that date, Teckla Thorkelson! This"—there was a hint of tears in the little-girl voice—"this is my first date. I want to dance, and—well, probably he's tied up with a customer. Give me the Hotel Northwestern."

Automatically Teckla picked up the outside plug and inserted it in the proper jack.

That casual supposition, "probably he's tied up with a customer," began to foment in her brain. She put Kathie on a separate cord and, cutting in, said, "Wait a minute, both lines are busy."

After two minutes Kathie flashed.

"Say! Are they holding a convention on those lines?"

"You may have the hotel now," came the obliging report.

Teckla did not listen to Kathie's conversation. She waited for the inevitable flash and cut in with a very polite "Operator?"

"The night clerk says he's out of town. Why, that cheap pin tucker! That—ruffle maker! That—that embroidery demonstrator!" With an earsplitting crack Kathie slammed down the receiver.

A faint smile played about Teckla's thin lips.

A half-hour later she rose from the switchboard and smoothed out her black alpaca apron. The little office was quiet now; the last farmer in the outskirts had rung off on his eight-party line.

LUCILE SELK EDGERTON

started out to study art but switched to the University of Wisconsin School of Journalism. She combined the two by becoming art critic for the Milwaukee Sentinel, illustrating her own feature stories. Lives in Los Angeles now.

THE rain had brought coolness definite enough to warrant the brewing of midnight coffee. She stepped to the small cupboard on the wall. Then she remembered that her last measure of coffee was gone. But she had no time for disappointment.

Two lights came in simultaneously. One was from the Greentree police station, the other from the Owl Café. As official calls were given precedence, she plugged in on the Greentree signal. It was Sergeant Rupp calling Captain Harper of the Winnesaukee night force.

"Hello, cap? Well, everything went off as slick as a whistle. The place was going full blast when we broke in. . . . Yes, sir. No liquor license, and six gambling tables running. We— "

Teckla answered the Owl Café.

The voice of the man who asked for Green 340 puzzled her for a few seconds. She was not certain that it was the voice of Carl Kuesterman. The brisk happy tones of former days, which in the forepart of the evening had sharpened to challenge, were now faint with weariness, the weariness that comes of overpowering fear.

"Green three-four-o is out of order," Teckla answered mechanically. "Is this Mr. Kuesterman?"

"Y-yes."

"Mrs. Kuesterman has also been trying to get Green three-four-o. Her call came from Red two-three-one-three. Shall I ring that number?"

"Red two-three-one-three? Why—why, yes. . . . Yes! If you please, operator!"

Teckla never knew what was said in that three-minute conversation between Carl Kuesterman and his wife. Underneath her pride in twenty years of efficient night service to the twelve thousand souls of Winnesaukee, underneath her desire to please as a public servant, flowed a deeper, more humane desire to serve two distracted young people in love.

Even if a signal from the Hotel Northwestern had not come in at that instant Teckla would not have listened in on that conversation between Kuesterman and his wife. Not even if Castleberry hadn't called in, as she was most sure he would, to make his report.

"Operator?" he began cautiously.

Teckla pushed her thin lips into the transmitter and hooked her number nines tensely around the curved legs of her chair.

"Yes? Well—hurry up! Tell me how you made out!"

"I sold the lady a de luxe K-forty-six-twenty electric model."

"*Ach!* Then things must have gone as I expected!

Go on. Tell me just what happened!"

"They were there in the rain when I steamed up. Stehli had come to. He wasn't hurt much; he could walk O. K. Just tottered a little, as if he was drunk. I took Mrs. Kuesterman to Helga Pederson's, just as you said—the kid wasn't born yet, and from the looks of things I guess they could easily use an extra hand. She said Stehli was taking her home from a bridge party at a—Mrs. Banning's, I believe?"

"Yes, yes, that's right. It was bridge at Fay Banning's. And Stehli—you got him to a doctor all right? Dr. Clark at Greentree?"

"Well—no. That was the only part that didn't go off as you directed. He didn't want to go to a doctor—got pretty mean about it, too. And as I didn't have time to argue with him, or couldn't take him and Mrs. Kuesterman back to town together, I dumped the big blonde buffalo off at the Greentree roadhouse."

For several seconds the delicate patter of rain droned into Teckla's free ear. Then she thought of that call from Sergeant Rupp to Captain Harper; of the pompous Stehli tottering into the inn, "as if he was drunk"; of the night raid on the roadhouse. She thought of the morning paper, of the proud Severances who tolerated nothing in bad taste, and suddenly her homely features cracked up in an immense grin.

"SAY, listen, girlie," said Castleberry confidentially. "I surely appreciate you putting me on the track of that sale. You know, I've been working on that maid at the Kuestermans' all week. Oh, she wanted a machine badly enough, but she was too darned stingy to buy one—you know how those Swedes are, save every dollar. And to get an electric model as a wedding present from the mistress! Say—before I check out in the morning I'm going to send you up the biggest box of candy in Winnesaukee!"

Now Teckla put all her cards on the table.

"Mr. Castleberry, the biggest box of candy in Winnesaukee would probably cost you at least five dollars. I advise you to take that money and buy shoes for those two kids in Minneapolis."

An almost inaudible gulp came over the wire.

"Oh, yes—and about that little girl you had the date with at the Corner Drug. She's seventeen, and you were her first date. I think it's just as well that I found you a prospective customer tonight, don't you?"

There came a silence, softened by the delicate patter of rain.

Then Castleberry's voice, mystified, ingratiating, appealed to the superwoman:

"Isn't there some way I could show my gratitude, Miss—Miss—"

"Sure. You can send me up a hamburger and a pot of coffee."

"It's a deal," gulped Castleberry.

THE END

"How I Broke-in an Ornery Pipe"

by SLIM MURPHY

Champion Rodeo Rider

You too, can tame the Meanest Pipe

THIS EASY, INEXPENSIVE WAY!

Don't let a back-biting pipe throw you. You can take all the meanness out of it in one shake of a Union Leader tin! The fine fragrant Burley tobacco in that big dime's-worth is "bred in old Kentucky" to mellow ripeness. Then it's specially cured, and *aged-in-wood*, to banish every bit of bite. The result is smooth coolness that makes *any* pipe a pet. Try Union Leader, and spare your tongue! (It's great for rolling cigarettes, too!)

UNION LEADER 10¢

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

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To the Ladies

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

GIRLS who sit on one foot get runs in their stockings from doing so. . . . Wives almost never give presents of whisky to their husbands, yet they frequently present gift bottles to their fathers or brothers-in-law. . . . If you are an active gal and bend your knees a lot, you'd better wear your silk stockings a little too large. . . . Champagne is the least alcoholic of wines, and dry sherry is the wine most recommended by doctors. . . . Wearing high heels or low heels doesn't make any difference in the run-resisting life of your silk stockings.

The above mixture of information—wine and stockings, stockings and wine—comes to me from an interesting young man who deals with both. He is Bunce Huntington Allen, wine importer and president of Resista-Run, an anti-run preparation to put in the water when you wash your stockings.

I thought it strange to meet a man engaged in two businesses so oddly unalike as wine and stocking protection, but Mr. Allen said, "That isn't all. I started as a banker."

To find out the truth about runs, he used to give a seventy-nine-cent pair of silk stockings to various types of women, asking them to wear that one pair continuously until it showed a run—washing them first, of course, with his preparation. Said one girl wore her pair five days a week every week for three months. (I said it would be more fun to help him test his wine.)

BUNCE HUNTINGTON ALLEN

● *Romance in Uniform* might be the title of this true-life story, although the costume involved isn't romantic at all, being nothing more than the starched white uniform worn by a girl I know who works in a beauty parlor.

She's a girl who has had a good deal of trouble in life—money trouble, boy trouble, family trouble at home.

But some months ago she met a nice young insurance man who came to inspect the shop where she works. They fell for each other, he asked her out to lunch three days in succession; the third day he proposed, and she accepted. She had her uniform on each time she was with him, because her half-hour luncheon recess permitted no change of garb. Now she declares she will be married in that same uniform.

"It's the only dress that ever brought me any luck," she says, "and I don't care how unconventional it may be—I'm going to wear it at my wedding."

Her young man agrees. "I met you in it," he says, "and I want to marry you in it."

Which indicates, I think, that he must be a young man of sentiment and imagination. Truly, a nice young man.

● A little girl about ten years old was transplanted recently from the college town where her father had been a chemistry professor to New York City, where he has a new job as a research chemist. With her she brought her most prized possessions: two pet turtles named Plato and Plutarch. The other day she decided to change their names.

"Plato and Plutarch were good names for college turtles," she said, "but they aren't good names for New York turtles."

She has renamed them—Abercrombie and Fitch.

● Here's an amusing game to try on the boys who think they are pretty smooth with the blarney. I learned it from Alice Dickson, a much-traveled lady, who has tried it on some of the cleverest statesmen of Europe and America. You say to the man: "If I give you just one minute to pay me a compliment, can you think up one that will please me as a woman and will also convince me that you mean it sincerely?" . . . The man reveals his character by the sort of compliment he thinks up in a hurry. Often he really hands the bouquet to himself, making his admiration of you an unconscious tribute to his own taste and judgment. Or he lays the sincerity on so thick that the compliment falls flat. Try it on your boy friends.

● Remember this the next time you go shopping to match the color of a piece of dress material: There are at least *a hundred million* different colors, but not more than around five hundred of them have definite names. The other 99,999,500 may be identified at the Bureau of Standards in Washington, where a scientific system for comparing them has just been worked out. I fear, however, that it isn't quite simple enough to help us much when we ransack the stores for ribbons to match our gowns.

● Specially interesting from the feminine viewpoint is Rosita Forbes's latest book of travel adventure, Women Called Wild. (Published by E. P. Dutton Co., Inc.)

● At this time of year there are still some frosty mornings when we want to start the day with a breakfast that will stick to our ribs. Here's a recipe from Seisholtzville—Pennsylvania Dutch:

Dice 4 cups cold boiled potatoes. Fry in hot butter until pale brown. Break in 3 eggs and stir briskly. Add salt, pepper, and ½ teaspoon celery seed. (The celery seed is the trick!) Serve hot with brown-bread toast or fresh-baked biscuits. Swell for a Sunday-morning breakfast party.

The Hardest Job in the World...

Mother-in-Law

What I Have Learned from Mine—The Chronicle of a Successful Experiment

by

MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

SUNLIGHT warming and brightening the living room, where she sits in her rocking chair, *en profile*, like Whistler's famous Portrait of the Artist's Mother. But there the resemblance stops. Even at ninety, my mother-in-law poses for no portrait of old age.

Never in my life have I seen her wearing a black dress or sitting with hands folded over a lace handkerchief. Her pleasantly patterned house dresses are brightened still further by her favorite shoulder shawl of a warm gay red.

An Italian garden basket stands at her elbow, holding mending and embroidery. Beside it is her leather writing case; she has correspondents, old and young, scattered from Massachusetts to Florida to California. Magazines, last night's newspapers, a new book, a Bible, are within easy reach—sometime during the day she will read in all of them.

The maid often comes to the rocking chair for instructions about the grocery order or tonight's dessert. I gratefully accept such helpful domestic co-operation while I sit at a desk in town.

Golden sunlight on a silver head—and on the picture of a mother-in-law reassuring to every bride; a mother-in-law who manages to enjoy her life and to help me enjoy mine.

Making good on the mother-in-law job in circumstances which are the acid test! As I have watched her successful performance of her role, I have tried to analyze what appear to be her ideal qualifications for it. Many women can possess them, and indeed do.

About every successful mother-in-law of my acquaintance I have noticed one thing: she is, or has been, a successful wife. She is not therefore drawn to seek in her child an affection substitute for what she missed in her husband, with the consequent abnormal jealousy for the mate of that child's own selection.

Though my husband's mother was a widow when we met, she had behind her long years of peaceful and devoted wifehood. Satisfied emotionally and sustained in an idealistic attitude toward marriage, she wanted that same fulfillment of life for her son. She was not jealous because her boy loved and married me, nor was she pessimistically dubious and suspicious from the outset. No woman who has known mate love for herself in all its beauty is so fainthearted about her children's finding it.

The Lord help those who marry men with mothers that "live only in their children"! Such mental and emotional parasitism is far more menacing to the peace of wives than financial dependence, and is avoidable. Besides her vocation of child rearing, a woman should have cultivated personal avocations, tastes, hobbies. She naturally will retain an interest in her grown children and in what they choose to tell her of their affairs; but to sit around waiting for a handout of confidence argues an absurd poverty of inner resources.

It is abnormally possessive affection which impels the unsuccessful mother-in-law to commit her capital crime, her unforgivable sin of Interference.

My husband's mother never interferes.

True, we each have our own work and are separated for several hours every day. Yet during the entire nineteen years of my married life she has been living in the same eight-room country house with my husband and myself.

Where the tactful mother-in-law wins many a triumph is by finding opportunities to praise.

"That's beautiful," mine tells me simply, when she likes something I have written. She approves the American Beauty crepe: "It's so becoming." Never adds, "But did you need a new one?" And what helps me to feel that I have not altogether failed as a stepmother is her assurances that I have done for her grandchildren all that their own mother could if she had lived.

When I married, I wanted neither to give up my interesting and well paid job, nor to give up my three nice half-grown stepchildren to boarding schools and summer camps. Day schools, a competent maid, conscientious but necessarily part-time attention from me still left chinks in the structure of childish life. It was "grandma's" loving, intelligent, tireless service which made solid the wall of protection. She never became a drudge: no decent daughter-in-law would permit that.

The daughter-in-law's quality often may aid in making a success or a failure of her mother-in-law. Mine, I think, always knew that I was trying to do my share in holding together our household, with its in-law and stepchild complications. What also aided in keeping the peace between us was our unashamed, unjealous devotion to the same man. This interest we have shared enthusiastically from the day I met her.

Like many another daughter-in-law, I owe a debt for—in three words—co-operation without interference.

A mother-in-law has to play one of the commonest yet one of the trickiest diplomatic games, and she loses all chance of winning unless, with fine feeling, she combines finesse.

But veterans have told me that next to keeping a husband's love, there is no kick equal to keeping that of the people who hold your children's happiness in their hands—and hearts.

THE END

BERT REMEY'S chances of competing in the Chaney Cup race, a mad flight around the rim of the Americas for a $100,000 prize, were pretty slim until he met two others down on their luck. The Yankee Ace of Aces, as Bert was known, had been grounded for stunting low over a crowd—the flourishing finish to one of his record-shattering coast-to-coast dashes—and the suspension had cost him his girl friend, Madeline Chaney, daughter of the cup donor. "I'm not going to marry a vanishing legend," she had told Bert. "You've got to do something about it." And promptly she had gone about completing plans to take another famous pilot, Marty Powers, along with her in the race.

Bemoaning his tough luck, Bert had wandered about Roosevelt Field watching preparations for the start of the race. He met Johnny Rickard, a young designer who had built a speedy little ship for the race, only to be disqualified from entering when he failed his navigation test. Al Vervesy, Johnny's radioman, had been branded as yellow because he had left his post as radio operator aboard the ill-fated liner Catalina when it burned. He was a failure too. But Johnny's plane was unlicensed. And that proved the first good break for the hapless trio. Bert was barred from flying only licensed planes. So, with Johnny's permission, he and Al enter.

Bert knows he has a tough field to beat; but, in his own words, he promises to push the Humming Bird to "hell or glory." Favorite to cop the prize is Lieutenant Steve Martin and crew with a twenty-six-passenger liner. Madeline and Marty are flying a Douglas. Then there's Mabel Urquart and Jesse Carew; Slim Lannert; Gladys Turner; Phyllis Walker in a fast Vultee. And plenty of others. The start of the race is marred when an overloaded transport crashes into the power lines and burns. Bert and Al, with the best wishes of Johnny and Al's sister Margie in their ears, take off immediately after. As Bert passes over the burning ship he dips a wing in salute, then heads for Miami.

PART TWO—"WE CAN DIE HEROES"

AT the starting line, looking after the vanishing Humming Bird, Johnny Rickard found his arms were around Margie and her face was hidden in his shoulder. He held her thus until the white

New Thrills in a Stirring Novel of a Girl and a Race for Glory

ILLUSTRATION BY SEWELL BOOTH

HELL-BENT

by RICHARD CARROLL

The onlookers applauded, for Bert was a good dancer. Madeline stood, the half-smile frozen on her face.

speck faded in the southern sky. Then he bent his head and grinned at her.

"Let's go and dump some java down the hatch!"

The girl said nothing, went with him.

. . . . .

In the small enclosed cabin of the Humming Bird, Bert set to work immediately to examine just what he had to work with. The Humming Bird was in reality a clip-winged thin-fuselaged two-seater open-cockpit job, with a sliding panel to make it into a closed affair, and streamlined to a frazzle. There were two seats, one behind the other, separated by the radio. The second seat was for the radioman. The radio consisted of a small compact sending-and-receiving set. Behind this equipment, special gasoline tanks had been built for the race. The working supply was in the wing tanks. The feed lines from the rear tanks ran along the sides of the cockpit. The control valve to this supply was in the rear cockpit. She had a 275 Hurricane water-cooled motor of new design capable of revving up much higher.

Bert scribbled a note and passed it back:

"Keep your pants up. This baby is tight but she has it."

Al grinned. He nodded and scribbled down the message that was coming through on his earphones. He passed it to Bert:

Number 66. Calling Number 66. Army calling Lieutenant Steve Martin and crew. Hello, Steve and crew. General Cooke and entire air corps send best wishes. Got it? That's all.

Bert handed it back without comment, but the lines around his mouth deepened. Steve Martin was odds-on favorite to win. He had the best ship, the longest flight range, and a trained crew. And he was a great pilot. Bert, who had flown with him, knew that. He also knew that one Bert Remey was better.

Slim Lannert would give him a run for it. Bert had barnstormed and wing-walked with Slim back in the early twenties.

The Humming Bird bowled along in clear bright air, Al watching the changing quilt of earth beneath them, Bert watching for landmarks and feeling out his new charge to discover what bugs she might have in her.

Five of the big ships had already landed at Miami, refueled, and gone on when Bert sighted the field.

Slim Lannert's Hawk was just getting into the air again as Bert set the Humming Bird down. Under the rules the ships had to land at certain points, check their time and crews, then leave when they wanted to. Beyond Miami they had a choice of two routes. They could go by way of Kingston to Barranquilla, leaving Havana to the west. That made a longer sea hop than by way of Santo Domingo, San Juan, and the intervening islands to Martinique and the jump over open water to Trinidad. Bert elected the longer way. At this stage of the flight there would be no use testing the endurance of the Humming Bird over open sea. So far he was entirely satisfied with his little ship. In the air again after a record refueling, he set his course for San Juan. Al was busy with his radio, which was working even better than they had hoped for. Bert passed back a note. It read:

"Five miles ahead, port side. Boeing twin down."

Al looked, and to his consternation saw that one of the ships that had left Miami before them had made a forced descent in the water.

Bert passed another note:

"Radio his position in case they can't."

Amazed at Bert's apparent indifference to the fate of the other ship, Al wrote:

"What then? What will we do to help?"

Bert's reply was hastily scrawled:

"Nothing. They can float."

Al sent his message for help, and by the time he had established contact the Boeing was far behind. Al dimly began to understand. This, then, was the iron of which heroes were made. One had to be able to take off over a flaming rival, dip a wing to dying men. One had to fly on unconcernedly over a disabled

ship and helpless crew and not stop to help. Yes, Al began to understand.

They were still an hour out from Martinique when Al's radio caught the first warning of the storm ahead. The leading ships had already landed, they learned, or were close enough in for safety. Al passed his message to Bert. It was a warning to turn back. The storm had come suddenly up out of the middle Atlantic and was of unknown depth. Bert read the note, crushed it and threw it overboard. He pushed his throttle forward. The Humming Bird began to whine under the strain of its motor revved up to its limit. The first drops of rain began to fall when, at 7,000, he sighted the smoke from Mount Pelée. The rain bank was pressing in when they located the landing field at Fort de France.

The Humming Bird taxied up the sodden field toward the two hangars at the end of it. A small group of officials and mechanics and some of the racing pilots were waiting for them.

Others in the race were waiting in the hangar; the rest had gone to the operations office. While the officials were telling him that ceiling was zero south for a depth of about four hundred miles, Bert was observing that Marty and Madeline were not around. He decided there was nothing to be done but overhaul the Humming Bird and wait out the weather.

Bert took his time about this. He did not tell Al that he was afraid that if they went to join the others he could not hope to avoid meeting Marty and Madeline.

But there was no way out of this. All the pilots and crews had finally assembled for dinner in the large mess hall. There radio bulletins informed them of the progress of the flight. They learned that already some eight ships were out of the race, forced down en route or turned back. And Bert learned that the Chaney Douglas had moved into third place in the race, and had followed Steve Martin's Northfield and another choice entry, the Flying Dutchman, into Fort de France.

The smaller ships had trailed the big fellows. Slim Lannert's Hawk had arrived a few minutes before the Humming Bird. Mabel Urquart and Jesse Carewe were in. Phyllis Walker and her Vultee had arrived. The last ship to appear before the density of the storm ended all chances to make the field was Gladys Turner's Lockheed. She had ignored all the warnings at San Juan when she learned Slim Lannert was up ahead. Madeline and Marty had not come in for dinner. That fact made Bert unreasonably angry. He ate his dinner in silence.

WHILE Bert and Al and the others were dining in Fort de France, back at Roosevelt Field Johnny Rickard stood beside Margie Vervesy as they watched the red lights appear on the huge illuminated map of the flight when the pilots reported their positions. It was growing dark when the flash came that Bert had dropped down safely in Martinique.

"Bert's made it!" Johnny cried as the red marker appeared for the Humming Bird's position.

"Al's made it!" Margie said softly.

Johnny's arms had gone impersonally around her and he was dancing almost on her toes. She smiled.

"My!" Johnny exclaimed. He sniffed as though he had just discovered something. "It's your hair. It smells nice."

"Everything smells nice," Margie said. "Everything *is* nice."

"Gosh," Johnny said, suddenly anxious. "We mustn't start crowing so soon. The race has only just started."

Margie didn't say anything, but the smile was already dying in her eyes. Johnny saw the change and hugged her again.

"Let's go and eat somewhere, shall we?"

"The people," Margie said, faintly trying to get out of his bear's embrace. "They will think . . ."

"What will they think?" Johnny interrupted, and laughed. "Anyhow, I'm beginning to think myself . . . that is . . . I think you're swell."

They pushed their way through the crowd.

"Al told me you had put all your money in the Humming Bird," Margie informed her escort as they left the hangar; "and I'm not going to let you spend any on me. Let's buy the food and I can cook it. It's much cheaper, and better."

The Vervesy flat was a cold-water walk-up in town. There was a combination kitchen and dining room that contained a bed couch, a small bedroom for Margie, and a sitting room, one half of which was taken up by radio odds and ends.

Margie now watched Johnny as the young designer examined Al's treasures. She was pleased when he appeared impressed. For she loved her troubled brother and had come hastily from the deep South to be with him when he had fallen into disgrace. She was still frightened and awed by the clamor of the big city, and Johnny was the first boy she had really met.

LOOKING at her as she prepared their first meal together, Johnny saw a fragile dark-haired girl with big serious eyes and a face from which the mere problem of living had drained the color. He had time to reflect that with proper care and a fair share of happiness Margie could blossom into an amazingly lovely woman.

Johnny succeeded in tuning in Al's complicated set before they sat down to dinner. They listened to the various broadcasts that were interrupted by news flashes from the race. Most of these, however, were a reiteration of adverse weather conditions and positions of the ships, all of which had been grounded by the storm.

After dinner they sat and listened and talked about themselves. It was nearing midnight when the orchestra that was playing was interrupted by a station announcement. The excited voice of the speaker jumbled the words. He had to repeat them before they got the full sense of them. Then they stared at each other in dismay. The news flash was to the effect that Entry Number 9, Bert Remey pilot, Al Vervesy radio operator, had jumped the field and hopped off from Fort de France, Martinique, into the teeth of a storm and were now winging their way through complete invisibility, apparently headed for Paramaribo, South America!

Johnny sat staring at the radio. He could not make it all out. He did not need the announcer's guess that the attempt was suicide—he knew it was. Margie was staring at him, her eyes big with dread. Johnny again put his arms around her.

"It's all right, Margie," he said. "We can trust old Bert to pull through. He . . ."

Then he kissed her and she clung to him.

"It's Al," she whimpered. "It's Al. He wants to die!"

It was true. Bert and Al were gone in the Humming Bird. The immediate cause of it had started in Fort de France's most popular night club. Hours of dreary waiting had driven most of the flyers to the Purple Pigeon. The mist and rain still poured from leaden skies.

It was after dinner that Al, coming out of a gloomy reverie, had suggested to Bert:

"I've a hunch we should try to go through. We can get a big jump on this crowd while they sit around cooling

off. This might be our big chance to cop that prize."

"You heard what the weather report said. It would be suicide," Bert answered, his eyes on a distant table.

"What if it is? What difference does it make to you and me?"

Bert turned and glanced piercingly into his radio operator's face. Madeline and Marty, who had come in late to dinner and who had been sitting with their heads together, were already getting up to leave. Some one had suggested a visit to the town to kill time.

"I didn't know you felt that way," Bert said.

"Well, we have no chance against these big cruisers on the long stretches."

"So you want us to outsmart them—and ourselves."

Al was bitter. "Or we can die heroes. It would be my chance to . . . to . . ."

Al's voice was cracking with emotion too long held in check.

"Tuck in your shirt," said Bert. "What you need is diversion. Let's go and have a drink."

They joined the others who were going to the town's night club.

The visiting flyers were the center of attraction at the bright spot of the town's night life. Everybody of any importance in the city was there. Cameramen and reporters were dashing about getting pictures and stories.

Madeline nodded to Bert when he went past her table and made his way to a small one at the edge of the dance floor. Al was interested.

"Are you going to make a statement to the newspapers?" he asked.

Bert shook his head.

"We'll do our talking at the end of this race. We'll know then if we have anything to say. You shouldn't worry so much about the newspapers, Al. What they write about you isn't nearly as important as you think."

"It was important to me! I couldn't get another job. I was ashamed to go on the street. My picture was in all the papers. Everybody recognized me. I could feel them staring at me behind my back."

"They do that for a few days and then they forget all about you. After a while they can't remember whether you are a hero or a new brand of soap."

Al's face darkened. "I've never been a hero," he said.

"You might be any minute. An accident and three columns of type is all you need."

"Do you think they'd forget if I came out of this with something to boast about?"

"Sure they would," Bert said. "They'd even begin to figure out that you had been right all the time and somebody else made the mistake. The newspapers make bums out of heroes and heroes out of bums. You're as good as your last deed, fella, so forget it!"

THE music had started and Slim Lannert was dancing with Gladys Turner. Bert watched them as they glided past his table.

"Wonder what she'll do when Slim tells her about the girl he's going to marry when he gets back," he said, half to himself.

He noticed that Slim was tall enough to look down into the face of his tall dancing partner. He was smiling.

Gladys was looking at Slim with an odd expression in her eyes.

"Funny," Bert observed thoughtfully, "how so often it is the wrong person you fall in love with. There's a girl who's gaga about Slim and . . . oh, nuts!"

He downed his fifth drink. He had stopped taking soda with it. Al did not appear to notice. Madeline and Marty had joined the dancers on the floor. Both were good dancers.

Bert was on his tenth whisky when the floor cleared for a solo dance. The girl, a dark-eyed sinewy-muscled thing of grace, whirled out under the spotlight. In her teeth she held a rose.

Al touched Bert's arm.

"Think we've had enough. It might clear, you know. Better get some sleep."

"No," Bert said. "Trick is to get beyond sleep, so you won't need it. Besides, this rain's good for another twenty-four hours."

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NORFORMS

©N. P. C. 1937 Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

The smoke-filled room had taken on a decidedly hilarious note. Phyllis Walker was the toast of a group at one table over which Steve gravely presided. Steve was not given to hilarity. Jesse Carewe seemed to be in an endless one-sided discussion with a perplexed Mabel. In other more normal circumstances it would have been something of an event to find Mabel Urquart changed suddenly from a competent dominating amazon into a helpless bewildered woman. Now she was looking at the eager Carewe, her hand resting in his on the table, her eyes warding off the intense questioning of his bold gaze.

Without appearing to, Madeline was watching Bert. She saw that already he had taken too much. Marty saw her look toward her former fiancé.

"Bert looks like he's headed for a big night," he said.

"I hope he doesn't really start to drink," Madeline answered. "He'll not come out of it for days."

"If he does, the Humming Bird will end its race right here. But then, that might be a safe way out of it."

"He can fly better drunk than most of us sober," said Madeline sharply. "What business is it of ours, anyway?" Then, with imperial inconsistency, "I'm going to speak to him."

She got up, and Marty sighed. He never could figure out Madeline. She crossed the dance floor and arrived at Bert's table just as the dancer reached it. Bert looked at her, then at Madeline. The rose dropped into his lap. He grinned at the dancer, who touched his arm while her lithe body brushed warmly against him. The dancing devils were lighting Bert's eyes as he rose, caught the girl, and swung with her across the dance floor.

THE Latin onlookers applauded, for Bert was a good dancer. Madeline stood, the half-smile frozen on her face. She didn't know why she had come, anyway. Then Bert was back, and she saw the dancer kiss him and heard her squeal of delight. Bert grinned amiably and poured down a drink before seating himself.

"This the last stop for you, Bert?"

"Don't know. Lots of time ahead. Why should you be interested?" Bert's voice was hard.

"I've seen the signs before, Bert, and guessed."

"Then you guessed wrong." Bert was grinning at her. He wasn't angry. "Sorry to disappoint you all. Come along, Al." He nodded to Madeline. "Al and I have a date—an important date."

Madeline nodded. "I'm sorry, Bert."

"Don't be. Why are you worrying, anyway?"

Madeline pulled herself together. She was being foolish, of course, so she smiled. "I just felt that a little worry would be good for me. But run along; don't keep your girl friend waiting."

Bert stared, then relaxed in a grin. "I won't," he said, and laughed. "She's too sweet a little lady to be kept waiting."

He threw a bill on the table and went out, with a silent, worried Al trailing. Not long after them, all the flyers followed. It was nearing midnight.

The now thoroughly tired aviators were descending from the bus that had brought them back to the air field when they heard the noise of a motor—saw the dim white shape of the Humming Bird taxi out of its hangar and roll away from them downwind to the far end of the field.

Madeline caught Marty's arm.

"He's going to take off!" she cried.

BY this time the white ship was only a faint blur at the end of the field. The noise of the motor increased. It stuttered, died, then burst into a full-throated roar. The rain poured down relentlessly. Thick banks of fog drifted past, obscuring everything. Out of one of these banks the nose of the Humming Bird suddenly thrust itself. But she was no longer a hummingbird. She was a sea gull as she came down the sodden runway with her burden of men and gas.

The watchers gasped as she skidded perilously, righted herself, seemed to pause for an instant, then leaped into the rain-filled air.

To Al, on board, it was as though Bert had lifted the ship from the ground with his knees. This time she circled the field low to get her bearings from the lights; then she disappeared south.

Madeline caught her breath in a prayer and a sob. The others swore softly. So Bert Remey had stolen a march on them—a march that every one present knew might cost him his life and the life of his companion. Marty was contemptuous.

"That's what a few dozen drinks will do for a man," he said. "Well, it will save us sending flowers."

Madeline stared at him.

"He's still the great Remey putting on the Remey act," said Jesse Carewe, who was standing with his arm around Mabel and laughing. He liked Bert.

Then the storm in Madeline burst. "All right," she cried. "He is! It *is* the great Remey act. But while you're being contemptuous, don't forget it's a great act, the kind that made these flights and all these ships possible. Sure it's foolish—one of the foolish, daring, magnificent acts of a foolish, daring, and magnificent man!"

She ran away from them then, and left Marty standing in the rain with his mouth open.

It may be Bert's chance of stealing the lead and winning the race; but does he fully realize the desperation of Al? It's certainly a ready-made opportunity for the radio operator to redeem himself. What will Madeline do? The rest of the pilots? Next week's thrill-packed installment will tell you.

A Philosophical Picture—And Mr. Flynn

Science, Religion, and Irish Charm Blend in a Novel Film . . . Good Queen Bess and Salem's Witchcraft Terrors Live Again on the Screen

by
BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ GREEN LIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Errol Flynn, Anita Louise, Margaret Lindsay, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Walter Abel, Spring Byington, Henry O'Neill, Henry Kolker, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Granville Bates, Pierre Watkin, Russell Simpson. Screen play by Milton Krims from a novel by Lloyd C. Douglas. Directed by Frank Borzage. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 85 minutes.

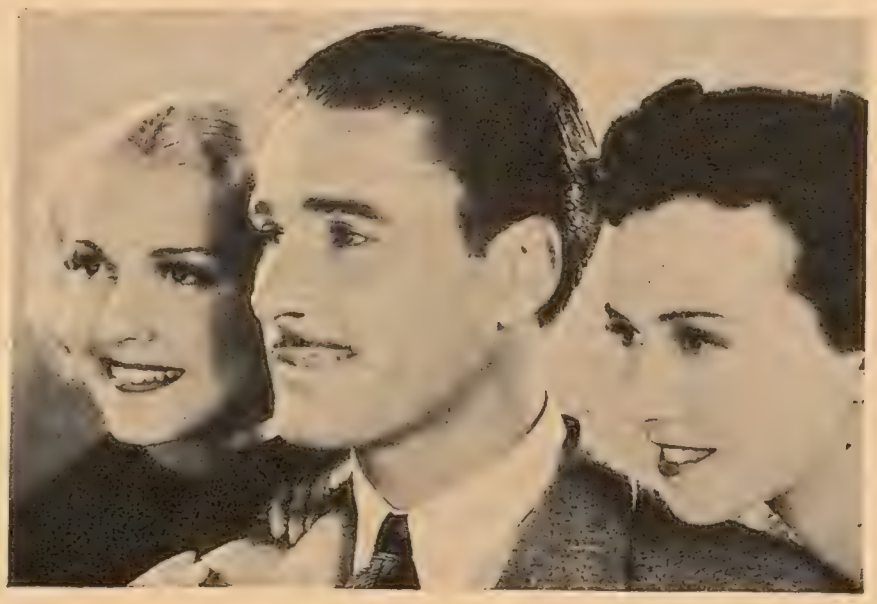
THIS philosophical drama has three or four points of film novelty. Its villain is the wood tick, which brings deadly spotted fever to our mountain lands. Its superphilosopher is a crippled minister—a sort of gaudy miracle man of words whose preachings bring peace and comfort to every one. And it offers handsome Errol Flynn for the first time in trousers. Mr. Flynn has been playing dashing gents of other—and pantless—eras. So, you see, Green Light should get you, either medically, spiritually, or physically.

The pretty heroine falls in love with the dashing surgeon before she learns that he has been dropped from the staff of a great hospital after the death of her mother during an operation. Our hero has been too chivalrous to put the blame where it belongs—upon another surgeon who had been his benefactor. So the discharged medico goes into the wilds of Montana to fight the menacing wood tick; lets himself be bitten in order to prove the value of a vaccine.

It is the first time within our screen recollections that the big moment centers around a medical thermometer, as when the brave and handsome Dr. Newell Paige's temperature does handsprings.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke really steals the film as the ministering cathedral dean with the mellow helpful philosophy. He's excellent. Anita Louise is the girl of the story; Margaret Lindsay is a pretty nurse who loves but loses the doctor; and in tiny bits you will see former film stars Myrtle Stedman and Mahlon Hamilton. There's drama for you, in real life.

VITAL STATISTICS: Dr. Lloyd C. Douglas, who has wed Billy Sunday to Faith Baldwin within book covers, gets his religion from his Lutheran paw, who used to sky-pilot around Lloyd's birthplace, Columbia City, Indiana; and his writing ability from his maw, who at eighty-eight still colyums for an Indiana paper. First book, Magnificent Obsession, was turned down by Harpers, who wanted Lloyd to take out religion and leave plot; and then by Scribners, who wanted him to take out the plot and leave the religion. Lloyd did neither; got it published by Willet Clark of Chicago, religious book house for whom it was a first published novel. Without sales promotion book was a flop first year, then suddenly took on, and since then has sold 275,000 copies, and established both Dr. Douglas and its star in film, Robert Taylor. . . . Scenarist Krims threw out only minor characters in screenference of book; combined Sonia Duquesne with Frances Ogilvie; and, because of insistent fan demand, let the pooch Sylvia, who dies in the book, live at fadeout-kiss time. . . . The pooch Sylvia is really Teresa O'Connor, family pet of a studio juicer. . . . Sir Cedric Hardwicke is of Worcestershire, England; son of a country doc; a twig of Sir Beerbohm's Tree. Had four years of war, eighteen years of Shaw. Started in wig-wearing parts as a youngie and has never been able to get out of them. London refuses to accept him in other than villain roles, and he steps from an old lech part abroad into a saintly one in this. Has been acting twenty-five of his forty-two years. . . . Errol Flynn and Lili Damita Flynn have patched up their marital differences and will probably yot around South Seas shooting backgrounds for Errol's forthcoming self-written White Rajah. Errol claims Fletcher Christian blood in his veins, which makes him so Mutinous toward civilization and civilization so Bounteous toward him. While Green Lighting, Errol impatiently dove forty feet into location background Sherwood Lake and swam across it, racing studio car to other side and beating it. Took thirty-two minutes, car having to go hilly curvatious fourteen miles. Then had to wait for clothes to be fotched. Hustled a stomachachy cameraman from location to Hollywood doctor at 110 m. p. h. When they got there cameraman said he felt better, but since they'd gone so fast couldn't they go back and pick up his stomach where he'd left it somewhere along the way? Very observant, Errol noted something missing in old farmhouse used herein, and after hurried studio consultation a Chic Sale was added. Flynn likes to surf-cast, then cook fish wrapped in banana leaves buried among hot stones. Says best cooking in the world is done by New Guinea savages, but eats at the Brown Derby continuously. . . . Margaret Lindsay is still the Woman Nobody Knows. Changes her phone number after every picture, then disappears into old Mexico at a hidden hacienda twenty-five miles from railroad and four and a half miles from public highway. "To the Top" is her motto. . . . Anita Louise sleeps around the clock once a week.



Anita Louise, Errol Flynn (the first time in modern screen clothes), and Margaret Lindsay in Green Light.

★ ★ ½ FIRE OVER ENGLAND

THE PLAYERS: Flora Robson, Raymond Massey, Leslie Banks, Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Morton Selten, Tamara Desni, Lyn Harding, George Thirlwell, Henry Oscar, Robert Rendell, Robert Newton, Donald Calthrop, Charles Carson. Adapted by Clemence Dane and Sergei Nolbandov from the novel by A. E. W. Mason. Directed by William K. Howard. Produced by London Films-United Artists. Running time, 90 minutes.

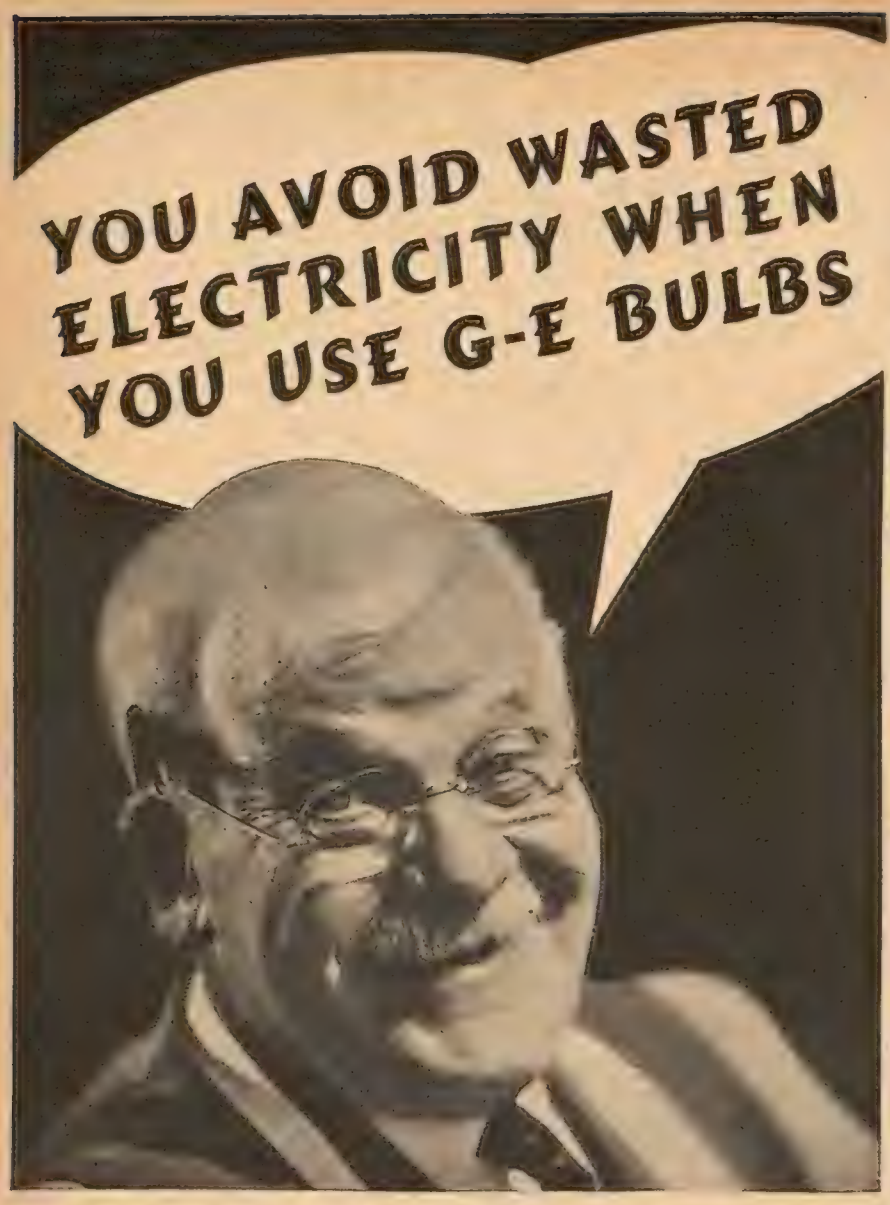
THESE English-made film productions grow more ambitious and more expensive. London now can spend million for million with Hollywood.

A fortune went into this picture of England under Good Queen Bess, when Francis Drake was the scourge of the seas and the Spanish Armada was something to haunt Englishmen o' nights. The tremendous sets showing Windsor are massive, spotless, and glistening, but despite the big-name cast the story is involved and pretty dull. Fire Over England, for all its pretensions, doesn't get very far into a gusty robust era when England came out of isolation to supremacy by way of the sea.

This romance is a complicated one concerning a young man of the Elizabethan court who serves under Drake and his love, one of the queen's pretty court ladies.

Laurence Olivier is given to much overacting as the hero. Vivien Leigh is a pretty, colorless heroine. Flora Robson's Elizabeth is debatable. If you accept a Queen Bess with punches pulled, then you will be satisfied. Raymond Massey is a vivid Philip of Spain.

This panorama of a great era has



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no popular grip, no sharply defined dramatic interest. We blame American director William K. Howard for some of this failure. His direction is loose and impersonal. Result: Fire Over England is pretentious but dull.

VITAL STATISTICS: Affable, handsomely juvenile megger Howard was chosen to direct this most English of Britishisms because he was born in St. Mary's, Ohio. Sincere but no high-brow, Howard confesses Elizabeth and the Armada were but a history lesson he hurried over in his Ohio high-school days. Instead of boning up on period, he confessed his ignorance to studio heads, refused to study up on it, tried to make a film that would satisfy Celina, Ohio, but kept Clemence Dane and Flora Robson handy to keep boners from creeping in. He got on very well with all British cast. They roared at his simple slangy Midwestern accent, and he won five pounds from a Cambridgean music dubber in argument over pronunciation of "gala," using the Oxford Dictionary as authority, too. Says the cast did their darnedest; didn't resent an American bringing the English out in them. . . . Flora Robson lives outside London; is terribly studious and ranks as number one actress in England along with Dame Sybil Thorndike. Is not related to May Robson. Flora's an authority on Elizabeth, and that speech she makes in this before the men at Tilbury is from the actual sayings of Liz, inserted in film at Flora's request. She helped technical-direct this. . . . Picture cost $750,000. Some costumes used by Elizabeth's retinue are actually borrowed museum pieces. While only 2,000 soldiers were used in big battle scenes, 18,000 lances were set in the background to give gigantic army effect. Supervisor Erich Pommer insisted sets be constructed of wood rather than papier-mache for purposes of sound resonance. Two complete Spanish galleons were constructed on rockers on studio lot for close-ups. River Colne, which runs through Denham studio and is ordinarily a marvelous trout stream, was scene of bloodiest battle between the Armada and Drake's fleet—disturbing the trout no end. Picture got world premiere in Hollywood and who says I don't give you brass facts? . . . Clemence Dane worked with her mind on her MSS. and her body on the set, viewing the daily rushes and offering criticisms. Clem did Anna Karenina for Hollywood's Garbo. . . . Howard took M-G-M ace cameraman J. Wong Howe with him to insure un-British photography. Howe lights 'em dark purposely to get mood; will take long chances in underlight rather than light brightly, harshly, and safely; gets about $750 a week. Howard's assistant director was one Wilfred O'Kelly, an adventurous British fellow of Ceylon who insists elephants talk and that he can carry on a conversation in elephantese! . . . Vivien Leigh is married to a writer; has a three-year-old kiddie; is expected to outdo Merle Oberon. . . . Raymond Massey is probably the wealthiest actor in the world today, being son of a Canadian tractor maker. He's married, has a li'l' bairn; lives outside London; sticks to acting because he likes it. . . . Redheaded Russ refugee Tamara Desni is no relation of Walt's. Came to Berlin when she was four; mistresses seven languages. . . . Leslie Banks is most sensitive of British actors; has a wife, three kids, a big British name, and ability to play Americans on stage, though British.

★ ★ ½ MAID OF SALEM

THE PLAYERS: Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Harvey Stephens, Gale Sondergaard, Louise Dresser, Halliwell Hobbes, Edward Ellis, Beulah Bondi, Mme. Sultewon, Lucy Beaumont, Donald Meek, Kathryn Sheldon, Ivan Simpson, E. E. Clive, Zeffie Tilbury, Tom Ricketts, Bonita Granville. Screen play by Walter Ferris, Bradley King, and Durward Grinstead from an original story by Miss King. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 85 minutes.

A DOUR study of Puritan New England in the throes of witchcraft fright. Done carefully and conscientiously—and yet the film drama, for all its elaborate production, leaves you cold. Maybe this is due to the very frigidness of the era, of the story itself.

The time is 1692. A pretty Puritan maid meets a swashbuckling renegade from the Virginia colony in hiding in a fisherman's hut. She loses her heart to him, but, poor girl, she soon is locked up, charged with consorting with witches and demons. Lynching seems just around the corner.

Paramount went to a lot of trouble on the score of historical accuracy. A great deal of research lies behind the story. But, somehow or other, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that our hardy Puritan ancestors were so austere, so dull, so drab. True, nineteen were hanged and one pressed to death by weights during the Salem wave of emotional hysteria.

However, accepting Maid of Salem as an accurate picture of a period, Beverly Hills is afraid you will find the love and peril of Barbara Clarke a little dull, although Claudette Colbert rises to nice heights in the distraught moments of her trial before the witchcraft court of old Salem.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hate to disillusion you, but there were no witches and no burnings in Salem. Nineteen men and women were hanged on Gallows Hill after sporadic shameful hysteric outbreak of bigotry and fear because they refused to confess they were souring milk, laying hexes. Many bought their lives at the price of a whopper, confessing falsely. Europe thrived with witch burning, Scotland leading all the rest with over 4,000. . . . Bradley King's not a gent but one of Hollywood's leading lit'ry lights at about $2,500 per week. Brad was rummaging for Italian cookbook on old bookstall and came across witch-burning paragraph in dime Napoleon Dream Book; got this idea, which netted her about $100,000. Now will you learn to read, ignoramuses? Was assisted in preparing 100,000-word shooting novel by Durward Grinstead, New England scholar and ex-diplomat in Germany. Mighty unusual when Hollywood makes a big production from an origie. . . . Salem Town still exists, but Salem Village, a suburb, where Maid cavorts hollywoodishly, is now called Danvers. Salem Village was built solidly up near Santa Cruz, California, by one Bernard Hertzbrun. Farmers who rented movies acres insisted on getting paid for nonexistent asparagus, hay, and apples not planted or growing at time. Odd sight during production was to see airplanes swoop down and debouch colonists in buckles, sunbonnets, Puritan slash-mouthed make-ups. Researchers carefully dug out authentic slang, such as "shavetail," "on your own hook"; facts like the one that folk were kept in stocks only during daylight

because wolves roamed around nights; that Puritans also executed by pressing between planks; gadgets like candlemaking machines, split hearths, goose commons, tithing rods (waker-uppers for church nodders); and news that you can still buy annelids, or leeches, at almost any drugstore today. . . . Burly tall heavy-browed Frank Lloyd is Scotch of Glasgow. Has won three of Hollywood's mutual admiration medals known as the Academy Award, but nevertheless has had a distinguished career at the box office, having knocked off things like Oliver Twist, Cavalcade, Hoopla, Mutiny on the Bounty. Has been in Hollywood twenty-three years, remembering it when it was but a bit of sagebrush. . . . Lily Cauchoin, otherwise Claudette Colbert (final t not silent), remains Mrs. Dr. Joel Pressman despite malicious colyumny. . . . Fred MacMurray got oak poison doing that gavotte with Colbert in the woods —nicest scene in picture. . . . Louise Dresser married Jack Gardner, then matinee idol, twenty-eight years ago. Two years ago she quit stage 'n' screen for two years to keep house for first time in her life. Liked it. Got back into harness in this for pickle money. Jack liked it too and regrets her going to work. . . . Bonita Granville is thirteen; plays with dolls, rides bikes, is pretty studious. Got discovered by Frank Lloyd for Cavalcade. . . . Edward Ellis was born on a Michigan farm to acting paw; has played semi-pro ball; succeeded as Blackie Daw in Wallingford on stage; has been plenty stage detectives. . . . Harvey Stephens is building a glider in which he hopes to shatter present flight record.

★ ½ MEN ARE NOT GODS

THE PLAYERS: Miriam Hopkins, Gertrude Lawrence, Sebastian Shaw, Rex Harrison, A. E. Matthews, Val Gielgud, Laura Smithson, Lawrence Grossmith, Sybil Grove. Story by Walter Reisch. Directed by Mr. Reisch. Produced by London Films-United Artists. Running time, 90 minutes.

ANOTHER English-made picture. This is the story of a London critic's secretary and her infatuation for a screen idol of the moment. London's favorite Othello is a philandering matinee idol; his wife, who is also his Desdemona, is a distraught victim of jealousy. Actor Edmund Davey is about to kill—really murder—his Desdemona in the big moment of Shakespeare's tragedy, when the loving Ann Williams, sitting out front, senses the bloody impulse. What will she do?

All this is machine-made melodrama motivated for dramatic effect. And the falseness shines through, although Miriam Hopkins and Sebastian Shaw are adequate enough as the lovesick secretary and the emotion-torn Moor of Shakespeare. Gertrude Lawrence is miscast as jealous Desdemona; A. E. Matthews almost walks off with the film as the bored critic who doesn't care much for Othellos.

Men Are Not Gods gives you the first public appearance for some years of tiny garments in a dramatic scene.

VITAL STATISTICS: Korda hired entire staff of London's famous atmospheric antique tourist roost and feedery Cheshire Cheese to work in studio restaurant sequence. Even double of Cheshire's famous parrot, now dead, but which swore before gents but no ladies, is shown. Picture also dupes Hyde Park Savoy Hotel (but not Hyde Park social disturbances) and other roast-beefy London spots. The scheduled wrecking of London's Alhambra Theatre was postponed until Othello sequences in this were photographed there, for entertainment, plot, and posterity. An hour after finishing, the old place was destroyed. . . . Gertrude Lawrence had so many contracts to fulfill, she rushed from the Denham studios with make-up on to catch a boat at Southampton to make opening night of Tonight at 8:30 with N'l Cahrd in Ameddica. My, but these English actors do hectic about, don't they, my dear stick-in-the-muds! . . . Miriam Hopkins got to England just when April was there. Stayed at Claridge's, where you can't dine nights except in tails, white tie. Later she took a house near Denham studios and had adopted son Michael sent for. Lost her passport during a trip to France; might have been incarcerated except she was recognized by a porter who had a picture of her in his near-by rooms! In less than a month visited Nuremberg, Paris, Munich, Oberammergau, Vienna, Budapest, Warsaw, Moscow, Leningrad, Berlin, Amsterdam, then more Paris.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Camille, Black Legion, Winterset, The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet.

★★★½—The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing.

★★★—One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 18

1—Mary, Queen Mother of England.

2—Two thousand dollars.

3—Leon Trotsky (originally Leiba Braunstein), once a Bolshevist leader, now an exile.

4—Both. Nassau is the capital of the Bahama Islands—a group in the British West Indies.

5—Technically from 12 noon until 12.29 P. M., January 20, this year. The Twentieth Amendment provides that the President's term "shall end at noon on the twentieth day of January"; President Roosevelt took the inaugural oath for his second term twenty-nine minutes later.

6—Josh Billings, American humorist.

7—The Hippocratic oath, originated by Hippocrates, Greek physician and the Father of Medicine. It supplied the basis for medical ethics.

8—Cecil B. DeMille's The Plainsman.

9—American. The Rev. Jonathan Goble, a Baptist missionary, invented the vehicle while living in Yokohama (1871).

10—Elisha, 2 Kings 6:5, 6—"But as one was felling a beam, the ax head fell into the water . . . And the man of God . . . cut down a stick, and cast it in thither; and the iron did swim."

11—By touching the lump with cigarette ash, which acts as a catalytic agent.

12—By reflection caused by the shape of the mouth's cavity.

13—About twenty-seven millions ($27,007,069, to be exact).

14—A runaway marriage, named after a village in Scotland where couples eloping from England fled in order to take advantage of lenient requirements.

15—A beauty complex.

16—The kumquat; its rind is sweet but the pulp is acidulous.

17—In her famed feet.

18—Victor Emmanuel III, King of Italy, proclaimed by Premier Mussolini, May 9, 1936.

19—Booth Tarkington.

20—George M. Cohan

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GOOD OLD JACK

A Hollywood Masquerade

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

GLORIA BROWN, a movie star, gets a smashing surprise. She's in the Trocadero in Hollywood, dancing with a bearded Latin-looking smoothie who's been introduced to her as Don José Castille. Suddenly the fellow tells her he's really Jack Halcombe. She knows Halcombe well—knows he's nuts about her. Jack had been a film producer. Abruptly he'd gone broke; checks had started bouncing. When the cops came for him they didn't find him because he'd done a duck with Wynne Leroy, an extra girl in the movies. He hid in the tiny apartment she shared with Frances Martin, another extra.

Jack, who spoke Spanish, stopped with the girls till he grew a beard. Then he stepped back into the world not as John Halcombe but as Don José Castille, a Spanish actor looking for a movie job. He took a screen test at a studio, made the grade, was promised a part. Tom Hartz, a cameraman he'd once fired, recognized him but kept mum.

After Gloria learns who "Don José" is, she grows jealous of Wynne and Frances. To keep her hold on Jack she offers him a part in a picture with her. He and Hartz get tight, spend the night in Gloria's guesthouse, and wake up woozy. They forget Gloria's offer, realize they're late for the film Jack had already passed the test for, and are about to drive away when she pops into view and rakes Jack over the coals.

Arriving at the studio, the two men find themselves minus jobs. Later Jack learns there's a position as "male hostess" open at Adele Murphy's Beauty Shoppe. He goes after the job, gets it. Wynne and Frances, disgusted, urge him to give it up. He refuses, breaks with them, moves to new quarters. Presently he hits on an idea for making business hum at Adele's shop. He steps into her office. When he blurts out who he really is, she gasps, amazed.

PART SEVEN—A DILEMMA IN THE DARK

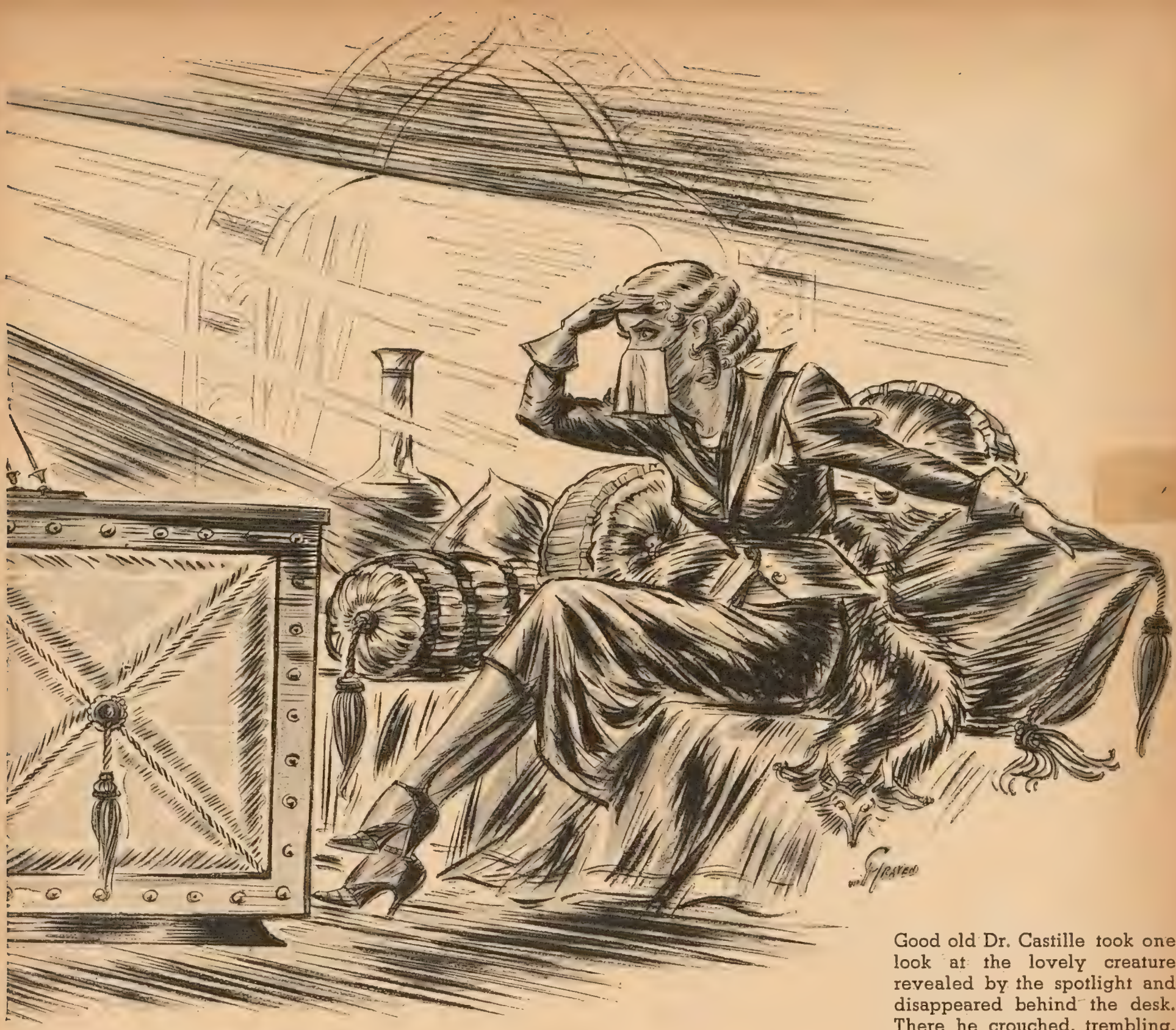
THOUGH the laurel wreaths wear thin at a terrific rate of speed in Hollywood, and though once the mighty fall they fall with an awful sickening thud, for a little time the impressive noise they made while they were mighty lingers. The echoes of this great noise are ghostly, to be sure, but they are undeniably there. Adele Murphy was impressed, and what she'd been about to say to Don José Castille, male hostess, wasn't at all the sort of thing one would say to John Halcombe.

"But, Mr. Halcombe," she assured him, "I never would have dreamed it . . ."

"S-s-sh!" said Jack. "Please don't call me that."

"But I can't have an executive like you work for *me!*"

Then Jack, sensing he was about to lose his job—and this job was really *his* job and not just a job somebody'd got for him out of kindness—remembered what he'd come there to say in the first place. He gave quite a Spanish little bow and, forgetting he'd been talking American, slung in the Spanish accent again.



Good old Dr. Castille took one look at the lovely creature revealed by the spotlight and disappeared behind the desk. There he crouched, trembling.

Nightmares, Like Other Dreams, Can Come True, as Our Dismayed Hero Now Discovers—A Riotous Interlude in a Novel Streamlined for Mirth

by ERIC HATCH

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

"Madame Adele." He bowed again. "It is kind of you to let me work for you, but I cannot be a male hostess, because there is no such thing, and"—here he lapsed into vernacular—"the girls I live with say . . ."

Adele, who years ago had been brought up right, bridled at this. "The *what?*"

Jack didn't get it. He had grown beyond petty innuendo.

"They made fun of me when I told them what I was doing." He sighed and without being invited sank into a chair. "I lied to them about it, too. I suppose I shouldn't've. But they didn't believe me anyway, so there you are, and that's what I've come to see you about."

Adele began to feel rattled again. They were coming over the plate a little too fast for her.

"I told them," said Jack—and now he was looking her very firmly in the eye—"I told them I was in charge of your—" This last came hard. He knew for the first time what an office boy feels like when he asks for a raise after insulting the firm's best customer. He gave one good gulp and finished strong: "I told them I was in charge of your reception and diagnostical departments."

There was, naturally, a silence while Adele tried to figure this one out. Jack broke it: "It sounds so much more dignified; don't you think so?"

"I . . ."

Jack cut her off short. He knew the value of that, because lots of times when he'd been a producer people had sold him stories and ideas and camera angles and all sorts of nonsense just because they talked fast at him.

"I could be, you know," he said; "I really could. I could be a swell diagnostical department. You really should have one here, you know."

"Yes, yes, I know."

Adele had no idea what he was talking about, but his

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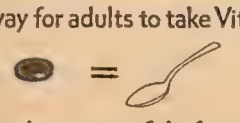

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

intensity of purpose and the Charge of the Light Brigade look in his eyes had her licked. She felt helpless. Also, she thought he looked very much the way her little boy might have looked—had she had a little boy and had she married a Spaniard instead of an Irishman—had he come to her asking to be let set up a lemonade stand on the street corner. The mother complex Jack seemed to have a gift for inspiring in hard-boiled ladies was getting her.

"Of course I know," he went on, "that every barb—hairdresser is supposed to be a beauty diagnostician. Actually, what are they? Hairdressers. I'm just a man—say, for the purposes of argument, a Spanish man of the world. We will have masks made to cover the lower part of the ladies' faces, so I can just see their eyes and hair. You bring them to me. If I feel like falling in love with them, their style of hair's right. If I don't, it's wrong. Get it?" He paused. "Nobody's ever done that before."

"No," said Adele thoughtfully. "I shouldn't think they had."

"You've got trick mirrors—why not a trick diagnostical department?" He looked down. "It—it would mean a great deal to me, Miss Adele, if you'd try it for a while."

Adele's mother instinct leaped into action. Actually she didn't think this was such a hell of a hot idea. On the other hand, if she had the nerve to advertise it, it might goal 'em. But it wasn't her business sense that made her give in. She gave in, and it was decided that, until she had the masks made and had a chance to advertise, Jack was to wander around familiarizing himself with the thousand and one different things that could be done with hair to make it a social and business asset to a lady, instead of being merely a prehistoric growth that defied evolution.

THE diagnostical department of Adele's was, after it got itself organized, a howling success. It being something brand-new in a town that worships novelty the way other towns worship antiquity, every one who had the price wanted to try it. It took about ten days to get it going. During the ten days Jack and Adele Murphy had many conferences—mostly they were about how he should signify to the masked ladies that he felt like falling in love with them. This presented some pretty problems.

Adele's idea, in spite of the fact that she had been "brought up right," was that Jack should, if sufficiently impressed, attack them (in a nice way, of course). Jack's idea was that he should say to them, "I feel like maybe I cood fall in luff wiz you." They finally settled on an arrangement whereby, whenever a customer's hairdress made Jack think of moonlight and roses and the funny little broiled-lobster-like-looking creatures so apt to result from that combination, he would step on a concealed button under the carpet and quickly retire to his private office, theoretically overcome with emotion.

When he didn't feel like he could "fall in luff wiz" them, he rang the bell twice and they both retired to Adele's private office for conference. Thus no one really knew whether they had passed their examination or not—that is, it was arranged so that the two-bell signal might mean Don José was so interested he wanted to have them made even more beautiful, or it might not. Only the privileged really heavy-money customers were allowed accidentally to overhear what the signals really meant.

ON the eleventh day the system hit its first snag. Jack suddenly found he was so surfeited with looking at fiery, limpid, glowing, frosty, and every other sort of eyes and every imaginable fashionable hairdress that he didn't feel like he could "fall in luff wiz" any of them. Mostly this was due to the fact that he was in love with Wynne Leroy and hadn't seen her since the day he'd taken his job. He realized he was slipping after he'd given the double bell to a lady who was generally conceded to be one of the most tidily coiffed females on the Coast.

As soon as it happened he went to Adele and told her. To his amazement, she began to laugh.

"You don't mean to be trying to tell *me* you were actually being honest with these schlemiels, Jack?"

"Naturally. That was the idea, wasn't it?"

"I thought you were kidding."

"Oh, no," said Jack; "I wasn't."

"Well, suppose you go right back downstairs and begin. I'll fix it up with little cutie-wootie that you pulled the double gong on so she won't know the difference. I don't care if you're sick of the sight of these dames and would jump off a desert island if you found yourself stuck with one of them. I . . ."

"I would," said Jack. "They keep calling me up—that is, the single-bell ones do. They want to know whether, since I felt like falling in love with them, I finally did or not. Oh, Adele, you just don't know! I can't stand it!"

Adele looked at him firmly. "You're getting," she said, "since this crazy stunt began to be successful, more money a week than *you* thought you could make in six months. I think you can stand it—if you'll use your brains."

Jack looked at her and grinned. "You know," he said, "I never thought of that!"

"Few do," said Adele Murphy. "Few do, except us micks."

So Jack began using his brains, and found that he really got along much better and was much less tired at the end of the day than when he'd been using his emotions. But new fears came into his life because he was becoming famous. It would have been odd, to be sure, if he hadn't; but this hadn't occurred to him. He was afraid of two things. One of them was

Gloria Brown and the other was the police. His increasing fame was sure to bring Gloria; but he thought he could probably dodge her. It seemed almost equally sure to bring the police, because he rather suspected that Tom Hartz would give him away.

There was one other thing the fame did to him, and that was to make him feel desperately lonely for Wynne. He knew that she knew where he lived and where he worked, and was bitterly hurt that he hadn't heard from her. His pride, and the fact that he knew he'd only be humbling himself again, kept him from calling at the nest.

Wynne, during these days gradually stretching themselves into weeks, felt equally lonely and equally hurt. She hadn't for one instant admitted to herself that Jack meant any more to her than just being somebody she was sorry for; but she did think that, after all she and Frances had done for him, he might at least have had the good manners to drop in once in a while with a leg of lamb or something. It never dawned on her that her parting line of not being willing to touch toothbrush, razor, pajamas, or anything else of Jack's, if it killed her, might be responsible for his staying away.

It was in the third week of his diagnosticals that Jack's first fear materialized. His second fear materialized almost simultaneously; but, as he didn't know it at the time, he didn't have to bother with it. The materialization of the first fear was the thing that came about in such a way that he never realized it was coming until it was there.

Just as dusk was rolling in on a bright sunshiny afternoon, Gloria Brown, starting next day in Karpen and Torrowitz's new picture, wafted herself into Adele's for a new coiffure. When she arrived, Adele, who knew all about Jack and Gloria and Wynne and Frances by this time, happened to be upstairs. So did Jack. The girl at the desk, definitely one of the Fates, didn't know about these things, so when Gloria said, " I should like to be diagnosed—at once," she said, " Certainly, Miss Brown; I'll send for Dr. Castille immediately right away," and showed Gloria into the room Jack had designed for a consultation office.

This brain storm looked like one of those Moorish corners people were so fond of in the '90s. It had soft lights, sofas, everything that Jack, during the days when he was still honestly using his emotions and was beginning to find himself surfeited with beauty, had thought might help him feel like falling in " luff wiz " people. It had, too, a desk, and a spotlight controlled from the desk.

Gloria took off her hat, draped herself on one of the sofas, and relaxed. She felt she was being pretty whimsical in letting herself be diagnosed by a beautician when she already knew she was the most beautiful thing on two legs that the world had ever seen.

Presently a girl came in and draped a silk mask about the lower part of her face. She laughed and said, " That don't make any vast difference, my dear; you can't disguise *these* eyes! "

The girl smiled. " Of *course* you can't," she purred, " but it helps Dr. Castille concentrate on the coiffure."

Gloria yawned. " Maybe," she said, " he could concentrate even better if you slipped a blanket over my legs."

The girl didn't like this. She turned haughtily. " Dr. Castille never looks below the eyes," she said.

" I bet he will," said Gloria, " if I decide I want him to."

The girl made a sound that was awfully near a sniff and said, " Dr. Castille is a *very* dignified gennulman." With that she left.

Dr. Castille was, as a matter of fact, when he entered the consultation office a moment later, a very dignified gentleman indeed. Some ten seconds later he was about as dignified as a Kansas jack rabbit caught in the headlights of a motorcar. The ten seconds were consumed while he opened the door, walked into the half-dark room, went to his desk, and then flashed on the spotlight. Gloria had been absolutely right. There was no use trying to disguise those eyes. Dr. Castille took one look at the lovely creature revealed by the spotlight and disappeared behind the desk. There he crouched, trembling.

Gloria Brown had scarcely noticed his appearance

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because she had got much too busy posing and flinging her limbs about into what she thought were seductively entrancing attitudes the moment she realized the señor doctor was opening the door. She did, however, notice his disappearance. She stared hard at the desk. It was difficult to see through the bright spotlight, yet she was positive Dr. Castille was not sitting at the desk nor anywhere in the room.

"Kill that klieg," she said, "and let me get a look at you, now that you've had such a grand look at me."

Jack pushed close against the desk and tried not to breathe. There was a moment's silence. Then Gloria said, "What is this gag, anyway—the Indian rope trick?"

Jack wished with all his heart he was capable of performing the Indian rope trick or any form of mysticism that would make him invisible. Her words, that morning of his horrible awakening in her guesthouse, still echoed in his ears. When she had said, forgetting to be Gloria the idol and becoming for the moment Gloria the female, "There's no tramp living who can throw *me* over for a couple of twists," she had had in her eyes the velvet-tigress look.

Since there could be no question of her suing him for breach of promise or anything else, as she knew he had nothing, he had thought she might, when she found he had not only thrown her over but was doing exceedingly well on his own, shoot him. He was pretty sure she wouldn't try to kill him, but he was afraid she might turn out to be an inferior shot and kill him by accident. He heard the creak as she got up off the Moorish sofa. In desperation he scrabbled out a little way from his hiding place and, groping, found a couple of electric-light cords. He jerked them—hard. That killed all the lamps except the dim one that burned over the sofa. He crept all the way out now and crouched beside the desk.

GLORIA, who up until that moment had actually thought the monkey business of the vanishing diagnostician was just some trick idea of Adele's about stage setting, began to sense something peculiar. The almost complete darkness, coupled with the sensation that something unusual was happening in that darkness, frightened her. Something unusual was very definitely happening. Dr. Don José Castille was inching his way on hands and knees toward the door.

She started for the door herself, wanting almost as much as Jack to get out of that awful room. She couldn't see Jack and he couldn't see her. About three feet from the door they collided very gently. Her knee brushed against his head. Thoughts totally dissimilar and yet almost identical flashed through their minds. Gloria thought, remembering she was a star, that it was all a kidnap plot. She was terrified. Jack thought she would grab him, then recognize him,

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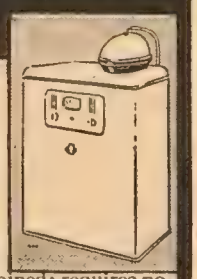

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PULVEX WORM CAPSULES

and then very possibly begin to shoot. For a second each of them stayed stock-still. Then Jack, with a little cry of panic, jumped to his feet and bolted through the door.

Even had he paused to consider what Adele might think of that kind of goings on, and that it might easily make him lose a job that was not only pleasant but extremely profitable, with a tremendous future, he definitely would have bolted away. The instinct of self-preservation was working full blast.

Not even pausing to take off his sort of a doctor's gown, he raced through the shop and out of the door. It was, perhaps, unfortunate that, as he bounced into the street, Gloria Brown's open car was waiting there for Gloria Brown, and that in the tonneau sat Fifi. Fifi loved Jack—loved him with all of her vast heart. She leaped from the car, and as he headed for his own near-by quarters, she started in pursuit.

It was at this precise moment that a man looking so exactly like a detective trying not to look like a detective that he couldn't possibly have been anything else knocked at the door of Wynne Leroy's apartment.

WYNNE thought, when she first opened her door, that the large tough-looking person outside it looked ominous. She drew the negligee she invariably wore at home more closely about her and said, "Just what the hell do you want? Whatever it is—no!" She started to shut the door. The detective didn't even bother to put his foot in the door, but said, "I want John Halcombe."

"You . . ." The door opened again. "Why do you come here?"

"I heard this was his hideout. A friend of yours—guy called Hartz—just whispered it."

Wynne said something that shocked the detective. He winced. Then he said, "I'm not trying to make a pinch. Maybe I got good news for him."

"Maybe Santa Claus has shaved off his beard."

"Maybe," said the detective. "Where is he?"

"At the North Pole training his reindeers," said Wynne.

The detective was quite used to this sort of thing. He said:

"Mind if I look?"

"I don't mind if you go there and stay there," said Wynne. "I wish you would. But he's not here, if that's what you mean."

The sound of fast running water and splashing became suddenly very audible in the doorway. The human bloodhound cocked his head on one side and winked at Wynne. Then he advanced into the room.

Just who is in the bath? What's the detective's real reason for wanting Jack Halcombe? And what happens, finally, to the people whose tangled lives you've been following? You'll find laughs and surprises coming thick and fast in next week's concluding installment.

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London Physician

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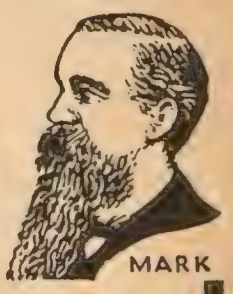

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LIBERTY-
PETE SMITH

AMATEUR MOVIE CONTEST

REMEMBER these facts: You have until April 30 to get your entry in. All entries accompanied by return postage will be returned. Details of the contest appeared in the issues of Liberty dated December 26, 1936, and January 2 and 9. If one of these issues is not available you can obtain a reprint of the rules and an official entry blank by sending three cents in stamps to Amateur Movie Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. The Pete Smith Specialty, WANTED—A MASTER, the first amateur effort to reach the screen, and the film which inspired this contest, will show you how easy it is to prepare a successful contest entry. Ask when it will be shown at your local theater.

SEVENTH WEEK!

$1,500 CASH PRIZE MAN HUNT

123 BIG REWARDS

KEEP YOUR ENTRY UP TO DATE
ONLY THREE MORE WEEKS TO GO
YOU MAY WIN THE BIG MONEY!

WHEN you have solved this week's problem, 70 per cent of the trail will be successfully behind you. There will be only three more weeks to go to finish the search. If you have kept your entry up to date thus far, do not drop out now. You may be the one to win the $500 cash First Prize. It must be paid. Some one will win it. Why not make the most of your opportunity by finishing your entry and filing your claim? Even though you just miss the first prize there are a $200, a $100, and many $10 and $5 prizes to be awarded. You can win!

FIND THE COMPLETE NAME OF ONE OF THESE:

GEORGE BANCROFT HAROLD LLOYD ANITA LOUISE
BERT WHEELER JOAN BENNETT KITTY CARLISLE
TONY MARTIN LILY PONS DEXTER McREYNOLDS
PAULINE FREDERICK DONALD CRISP JOEL McCREA
WARREN WILLIAM FRANK McHUGH BRUCE CABOT

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.

2. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two groups of place names in the United States or in Canada. Each group will contain either the first or last name of a well known motion-picture player. Only one player will be named each week. You may find the player's first name in the second group of places and the last name in the first group, or vice versa.

3. Save all names until you have a complete set of ten at the close of the contest. Then send them in at the same time, as a unit, together with a note of not more than 100 words on the subject, "The article, story, or feature that I have liked best in Liberty during the ten weeks of this contest, and why."

4. For the entry with the greatest number of correctly discovered names accompanied by the best letter of preference judged on the basis of clarity, logic, and convincingness, Liberty will award a First Prize of $500. For the next best entry on this basis Liberty will pay a Second Prize of $200. A Third Prize of $100, twenty prizes of $10 each, and one hundred prizes of $5 each will also be paid on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. Address all entries to Man-Hunt Director, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 31, the closing date of this contest.

7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Avoid ornamentation. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Authorities used: Rand McNally Commercial Atlas, 1936, and United States Postal Guide, 1935.

WISCONSIN

Martinsen, Herbster, Cornucopia, Bayfield, Washburn, Bear Trap, Rufus, Hines, Maple, Blueberry, Muskeg, Topside, Spider, Ino, Ashland, Chaffey, Bennett, Brule, Barnes, Mason, Mellen, Pence, Carson, Winegar, Swiss, Dairyland, Gordon, Minong, Phipps, Seeley, Cable, Morse, Powell, Lampson, Hayward, Butternut, Bolton, Sayner, Phelps, Tipler, Florence, Webster, Siren, Spooner, Yarnell, Winter, Draper, Tomahawk, Homestead, Frederic, Sarona, Angus, Phillips, Goodnow, Rhinelander, Hiles, Fence, Luck, Loraine, Catawba, Tripoli, Grandon, Laona, Goodman, Dunbar, Noll, Bunyan, Rice Lake, Bruce, Ladysmith, Tony, Spirit, Parrish, Wausaukee, Cylon, Joel, Bloomer, Ruby, Cornell, Arnold, Donald, Merrill, Antigo, Hudson, Baldwin, Knapp, Menomonie, Owen Bright, Unity, Lily, Lena, Comfort, Altoona, Wein, Wausau, Kelley, Norrie, Cecil, Gillett, Oconto, Ellsworth, Rodell, Willard, Spencer, Mosinee, Caroline, Angelica, Foss, Trim Belle, Augusta, Marshfield, Hewitt, Dancy, Marion, Hilda, Odenah, Ono, Globe, Christy, Chili, Shantytown, Leeman, Walhain, Casco, Algoma, Porcupine, Durand, Mondovi, Lynn, Casimir, Iola, Nichols, Green Bay, Stockholm, Nelson, Russell, Osseo, Amelia, Manawa, De Pere, Forks, Rio, Tell, Clay, Pray, Rudolph, Keene, Waupaca, Freedom, Lark, Norman, Nero, Alma, Cream, Blair, Babcock, Nekoosa, Dale, Little Chute, Wayside, Cochrane, Arcadia, Finley, Wild Rose, Neenah, Brillion, Rockwood, Hegg, Galesville, Irving, Dodge, Wautoma, Poy Sippi, Oshkosh, Niles, Forks, Onalaska, Sparta, Tomah, Adams, Lawrence, Malone, Haven, Manitowoc, La Crosse, Melvina, Hustler, Mauston, Fond Du Lac, Plymouth, Sheboygan, Calvert, Newry, Elroy, Lyndon, Dalton, Alto, Mitchell, Adell, Erdman, Newton, Bud, Wheeler, Yuba, Dilly, Portage, Randolph, Waupun, Oostberg, Victory, Reed, Sylvan, Boaz, Okee, Lodi, Leeds, Nenno, Slinger, Frank, Eastman, Avoca, Black Earth, Waterloo, Watertown, Thompson, Cedarburg, Charme, Wauzeka, Boscobel, Peculiar, Madison, Nora, Wales, Wauwatosa, Werley, Shea, Hyde, Amos, Eagle, Hayes, Prospect, Clyde, Milwaukee, Fennimore, Liberty, Arthur, Mifflin, Perry, Edgerton, Husher, Cudahy, Burton, Hurricane, Leslie, Attica, Leyden, Milton, Whitewater, Ives, Potosi, Clarno, Argyle, Footville, Jamesville, Elkhorn, Paris, Racine, Elmo, Darlington, Monroe, Brodhead, Darien, Edmund, Delavan, Kenosha, Fairplay, Juda, Afton, Walworth, Bancroft, Salem, Pikeville, Woodworth, Gratiot, Browntown, Twingrove, Avon, Bergen, Zenda, Wilmot, Truesdale.

PENNSYLVANIA

Erie, Girard, Waterford, Columbus, Lander, Corydon, Bradford, Sayre, Albion, Lavery, Corry, Cornplanter, Elmer, Starlight, Tingley, Thompson, Springboro, Garland, Chester, Smethport, Gaffney, Wysok, Rush, Equinunk, Waring, Hayfield, Hemlock, Ostonside, Ludlow, Mina, Gaines, Troy, Inez, Meadville, Titusville, Kane, Dexter, Merryall, Hop Bottom, Ciko, Braman, Geneva, Shaws, Plum, Minister, Lynch, Austin, Antrim, Eddy, Skinners, Osborne, Tionesta, Carlisle, Woodhouse, Nauvoo, Shunk, Dushore, Gelatt, Carlton, Oil City, Howards, Buttonwood, Estella, Mildred, Jenks, Lemon, Greenville, Franklin, Leeper, Ridgeway, Ricketts, Lopez, Scranton, Pink, Kremis, Stoneboro, Polk, Cranberry, Lucinda, Elbon, Exeter, Dupont, Opp, Sharon, Farrell, Clark, Mercer, Knox, Tomb, Wilkes Barre, Angels, Skytop, Clarion, Corsica, Howe, Hazen, Dew Drop, Williamsport, Ashley, Cresco, Marr, Slippery Rock, Du Bois, Howard, Carroll, Milton, Berwick, Freeland, New Castle, Kaylor, Anita, Panic, Needful, Powell, Drums, Effort, Jonas, Butler, Kittanning, Punxsutawney, Danville, McAdoo, Gilbert, Windgap, Zelienople, Beyer, Home, Irvona, Wayne, Shamokin, Taylor, Shenandoah, Midland, Ogle, Sarver, Clymer, McClure, Elizabeth, Bath, Nazareth, Penn, Ambridge, Tarentum, Apollo, Hobbie, Gratz, Kutztown, Easton, Albert, Pittsburgh, Nanty Glo, Altoona, Halifax, Topton, Emaus, Bethlehem, Joyce, Carnegie, Pitcairn, Blairsville, Lilly, Oley, Bally, Perkasie, Harrow, Library, Jeannette, Johnstown, Kistler, Cleona, Reading, Frederick, Penowa, Rea, Hickory, Cecil, Derry, Mina, Clara, Scott, Montgomery, Acheson, Trauger, Conner, Saxton, McCrea, Steelton, Iola, Morrisville, Prosperity, Amity, Moyer, Foreman, Gracey, Hunten, Maytown, Brandywine, Jefferson, Andover, Bigmount, Egypt, Shay, Parkes, Thorndale, Broomall, Whitely, Farmington, Dumas, Wittenburg, Dott, Airville, Level, Elam, Avella, Gretna, Houston, Boucher, Elton, Todd, Paxtang, Fontana, Horn, Donora, Keckburg, Harold, Waterside, Dudley, Murrell, Joanna, Bristol, Shoring, Juniata, Husband, Bedford, Everett, Metal, Hallam, Lancaster, Paisley, Summit, Humbert, Mance, Patience, Upton, Holtwood, Avondale, McCracken, Meyersdale, Williams, Needmore, Mercersburg, Guldens, Polk, Aleppo, Gump, Kirby, Quincy, Hanover, Mabel, Rinely, Bellevue, Oxford, Drab, McKee, Spraggs, Hewitt, Sylvan, Claylick, Marburg, Castle Fin, Garrison, Springs, Roadside, Fairplay, Glenville, Delta, Trappe, Notch, Jollytown, Blacksville, Addison, Hale, Monteray, Bandanna.

He rushed for the lobby, the street, and the police. He didn't get far. A bullet lodged in his back.

Eye-Witness Evidence—100 *Per Cent Wrong*

How Eight Accusers Made an Almost-Tragic Mistake . . . Is Justice Deaf, Dumb, and Blind?

by

D. THOMAS CURTIN

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

A GOOD many people have little or no faith in circumstantial evidence. Few of us, if we had life or death to decide, but would prefer the solace offered by the testimony of an eyewitness to the crime. The trouble is, in most homicide cases there is no eyewitness.

In the Paramount Theater murder in Lynn, Massachusetts, however, eleven thoroughly respectable people saw the crime committed. Eight identified one or more of the accused suspects. Yet it was circumstantial evidence, not direct, which solved this crime and helped bring to an end a reign of terror in New England.

At 9 A. M., Tuesday, January 2, 1934, the operating staff of Lynn's largest picture theater was cleaning up after the New Year's midnight show. Manager James T. Dempsey and Assistant Manager Stephen Bresnahan were at home getting much needed sleep; but Walter Gray, the engineer, John Kane, the assistant stage director, and Leo Donahue, the head janitor, were on the job.

So were Arthur Murch and Harry Condon, assistants to Kane and Donahue; John Harvey, an usher; and three cleaners, Michael Ford, Hazel Dutch, and Mary Cleary. Fred Sumner, a billposter, had just finished his work in the front lobby and had started for his car.

Three young men, fully armed, strode into the lobby, walked through the unlocked front door, and told everybody to reach for the ceiling. Leaving one to guard the lobby door, the other two marched their prisoners into the office and commanded them to open the safe. Nobody but Dempsey and Bresnahan knew the combination. Finally the desperadoes picked Donahue to phone Bresnahan at his home. At the point of a pistol, Donahue obeyed, while the others, covered by the second man, stood with their hands up, face to the office wall.

"Tell him the state inspectors are here," the leader admonished, "and want to talk with him right away."

Steve Bresnahan, new to his job, hurried to the theater to find a gun staring him in the face.

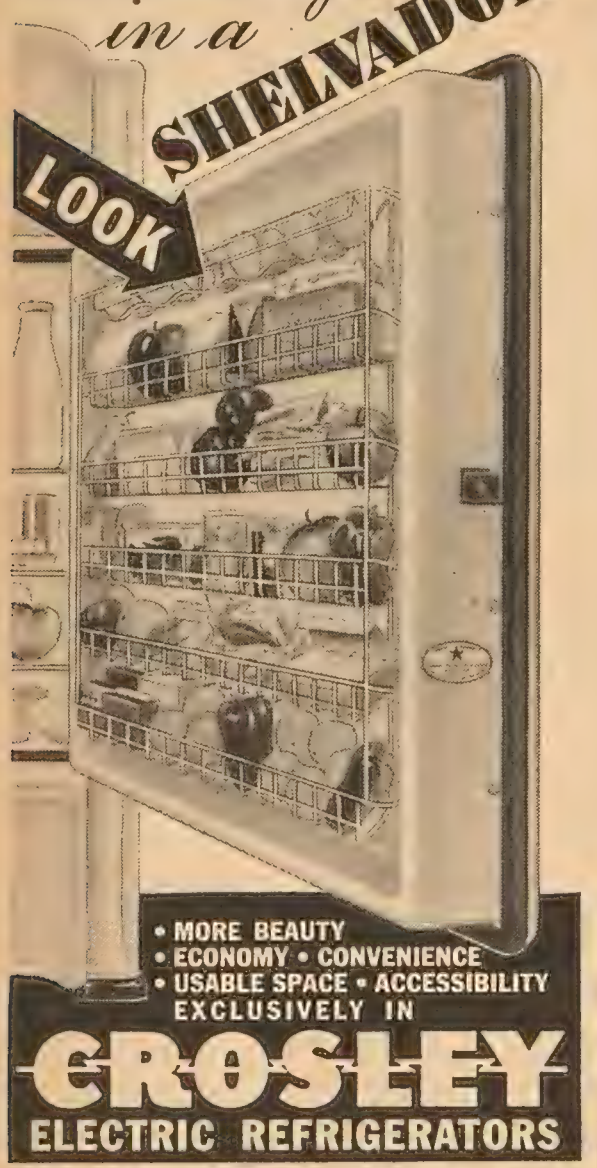
Meanwhile Fred Sumner, the billposter, had come back through a side door into the lobby, where he had inadvertently left his ladder. The thug on guard at the lobby door challenged him. He kept on going.

There was a muffled report, and he dropped to the lobby floor. His body was found crumpled up in the shadows near the fountain, a bullet in his brain, his skull brutally crushed, apparently with a revolver butt.

"I had to get that fellow," called the man at the door boastfully. "I got him with the .22."

This was too much for Harry Condon, upward of sixty but with a lot of Irish fight still in him. At the report, he rushed for the lobby, the street, and the police. He didn't get far. A bullet, which he still carries, lodged in his back just above the heart.

They made him stand with the others—although it was



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obvious that he was in excruciating pain—with his hands above his head against the wall. His ordeal lasted an hour.

Michael Ford, a little man who had fought in the Irish Revolution, turned his eyes from the wall—and got a battering blow on the jaw.

"Look around again and I'll drill you," he was told.

Young Bresnahan was now brought in, still covered by the third man's gun. "There's nothing in the safe," he said.

"Oh, yeah? Only about ten grand, from the week-end and holiday biz. Come on, get busy, or else—"

A prod with the gun, and he opened it. The gang leader plunged at it—then snarled. There was less than two hundred dollars in it. The change was in a black cloth bag marked "Paramount Theater, Lynn." The gangster stuffed the bills in with it, and slipped the bag into his pocket.

There was a movement in the lobby outside. Bill Jaeger of the Lynn Daily Item was coming in to solicit some advertising. He got an unsolicited smash over the head with a gun butt. Then the killers marched the others across the lobby and locked them up, along with Jaeger, in the checkroom, then escaped to their getaway car in the parking place behind the theater. On their way out, they frisked Jaeger of his wallet and watch.

WHEN those imprisoned finally battered down the checkroom door, there was no trace left of the invaders except Sumner's body and two empty .22-caliber pistol cartridges of the Diamond brand, used in what are called Woodsman's pistols such as experts shoot at targets.

The bullet in Sumner's skull was too badly mushroomed to be of any aid in identification. The one in Condon's back could not be removed. The Lynn police felt that their only hope lay in the eleven eyewitnesses who had seen the criminals in action. Accordingly Chief Inspector Kane had these witnesses taken in to examine all the photographs in Boston's rogues' gallery. The first witness to examine the files picked out a photograph as that of "the one who killed Sumner."

The man he put the finger on was Clement F. Molway, a taxicab driver, born in 1910, five feet ten and three quarters, 145 pounds, dark-brown hair, blue eyes, dark complexion. Molway had got into the municipal art gallery as the result of a robbery charge some three months before. He was driving four drunks. One of them slumped down on the floor of the cab, and Molway, trying to get him back on the seat, was arrested for "rolling a drunk." In court, the other three passengers corroborated his story. But his picture remained in the file.

Other eyewitnesses from Lynn also picked out young Molway as one of the gangsters. All these identifications were strictly on the level.

The boy's mother said he had not been home since New Year's Day, but often stayed in town overnight with a taxi-driver buddy, Louis Berret. Boston's ace detective, Sergeant Arthur Tiernan, took a squad to Berret's flat. At 11.15 that evening Berret came home and was arrested. He said Molway was out of town for a few days, and he didn't know when he'd be back.

Just then the key turned in the door, and Molway—still partly dazed from his New Year's celebration—entered the flat. Asked to tell what he had done on the morning of January 2, he gave instead, in his befuddled condition, a good account of *January 3*.

Both boys had plainly lied. The

The innocent Louis Berret as he went free — instead of going to the chair.

reason, in Molway's case, has been stated. Berret, who was involved in divorce litigation with his wife, was anxious to keep a certain person's name out of the picture. The whole atmosphere was one of concealment and falsification.

In the Lynn police station Inspector Kane, unable to break down either boy, selected some two dozen young men of the same general size and type, and lined them up with the two. Without hesitation the witnesses picked out not only Molway but Berret. Eight out of the eleven identified one or both men.

That was enough for the police. It was also enough for District Attorney Hugh A. Cregg. He was coming up for re-election in the fall, and this case of cases had fallen into his lap. For this was no ordinary stick-up and killing. It was the most recent of a long series of robberies and murders which had held Massachusetts citizens and New Englanders generally in a grip of fear. It was almost certain that all these shootings had been committed by the same gangster trio. Here, apparently, were two of the three.

No one was surprised when Cregg pressed for a speedy trial. It began February 12, in Salem, the county

seat. Public interest was hot. People spoke of Molway and Berret as of the dead. They were brought into court handcuffed together and placed in one of Massachusetts' time-honored steel cages. Neither Cregg nor the police were taking any chances of a gang rescue.

Forty-seven times during the picking of the jury, Molway and Berret heard Judge Hammond repeat, "the penalty of which is death." But they remained apparently undisturbed. This was reported as a sure sign of guilt, just as their scared confusion following their arrest had been.

As the trial opened, the commu-

Clement Molway, also innocent though identified by several eye-witnesses.

nity's wrath charged the atmosphere of the courtroom. The air thickened still more as Mrs. Sumner, widow of the murdered billposter, was led forward gently by a court officer. Her painful duty was to identify the bloody clothes and the cap with the bullet hole. "If only he hadn't forgotten that ladder!" she kept murmuring.

Attorneys went into a huddle, and she did not have to take the stand. But the impression she had made on the jury was ineffaceable.

Cregg opened brilliantly. He took the jury to the scene of the crime. He let each witness tell his own story. He was fighting a clean battle; nothing could have been clearer than that the whole thing was honest, uncoached. The words were their own, and had the genuine ring. The witnesses themselves were decent respectable citizens, every one. They impressed everybody in the courtroom—at times, perhaps, even the two taxicab drivers in the steel cage. The two rubbed their heads in perplexity, as if they figured that after all they might somehow be a couple of other fellows.

Michael Ford, the cleaner who had been a De Valera soldier in Ireland, captured the house. Nine hours on the stand, he never faltered. "That's the man who shot Condon!" he cried, pointing at Molway. "And he's the fellow"—Berret—"who gave me the punch in the jaw. He stood right beside me at the door. I got a full look at him straight in the face."

A knockout witness for the prosecution! Seven other knockouts followed. Harry Condon, the bullet still in his back, wrung everybody's heart with his word picture of standing for a full hour with his upraised hands against the wall, while the blood flowed down and made pools on the floor. Molway twitched and turned his eyes away. Berret stared desperately. Condon said he had had a good look at Berret.

Gray, the engineer, pointed out Molway as the man who had grabbed him first. Berret was the one who had wired his wrists and taken him down to the boiler room to turn off a switch he had left open which, he had explained to them, might cause an explosion.

"Insanity" is a familiar legal loophole; but would you have believed a man could confess to a cold-blooded murder, act as his own counsel, plead insanity, get himself acquitted—and then prove himself sane? Read Mr. Curtin in an early issue!

"Four times the wiring made me wince as he twisted it," he continued, "and four times I snapped my face around into his and got a good look at him right under a hundred-watt lamp. But it was Molway who was the leader. He was the one that hit me and threatened to 'rub me out' if I didn't stop looking around."

Asked by defense counsel if he wasn't scared, Gray affirmed, "I was just as cool as you are now."

Bresnahan and Harvey positively identified one or the other of the boys in the cage. Then came the women. Mrs. Hazel Dutch, young, bright-eyed, pretty, told how she had called the gunmen down for using vile language. It was she who had taken Condon to the hospital. She became indignant all over again as she told how the gunmen had tortured him. She had been shoved, she said, behind a door, but a mirror had given her a clear view of what was going on behind her. Her identification of Molway as the man who shot Condon was positive.

Mary Cleary was cleaning a toilet in the basement when the bandits burst in upon her. She identified the defendant Berret, and described the missing third member of the gang. She had seen them both under the glare of two hundred-watt bulbs.

Usher John Harvey identified Berret as the man who had slapped him twice in the neck.

The final finger-pointer was Leo Donahue, who had telephoned to Bresnahan. He was absolutely convincing in his identification of the two men.

The four able defense attorneys assigned by the court tried to bring out the semidarkness of the empty theater, which made identification difficult. They emphasized the state

Heavy date..
..but look at her Nose!

KLEENEX HABIT saves noses during colds!

● Nothing more tragic than a sore nose during a cold—nothing more soothing than the Kleenex Habit! It saves noses, saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. So put aside your handkerchiefs and use Kleenex Tissues the instant sniffles start. Because Kleenex tends to retain germs it checks the spread of colds through the family. You use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

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A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

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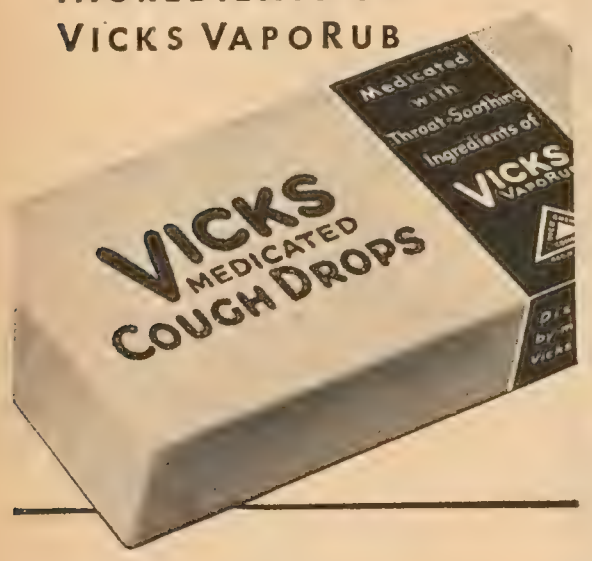

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Help your scalp replace excessive Falling Hair by persistent use of Glover's Mange Medicine. It has helped millions of men and women. Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap. Sold at all druggists. Or have your Barber give you Glover's regularly.

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Yes! Think of it! Only Postal Life of New York offers this remarkable policy. Postal has no agents! That is why only $1.00 a month secures over $1000.00 of insurance at age 21. Issued to men and women at all ages 21 to 45 in proportionately large amounts. Send coupon to learn amount at your age and get all other data.

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of fear in which the whole staff must actually have been. They introduced alibi witnesses.

The two boys, put on the stand in a last desperate attempt to save them from the chair, told confused stories, became flustered under Cregg's hammering, made admissions they shouldn't have made. But it wouldn't have made any difference if they had been the best witnesses who ever faced a jury. By the direct evidence of eight eyewitnesses, they were doomed. Or almost!

The Boston police had never been entirely convinced of their guilt. Detective Sergeant Tiernan, who had made the arrest and had been unable to find any guns or other evidence, was so openly skeptical that Prosecutor Cregg did not put him on the stand. Even more skeptical was Sergeant Edward J. Seiboldt, able head of the ballistic unit. He was following the pistol trail.

THIS trail began on March 11, 1933, when policemen brought in four relics of the Oriental Theater, Mattapan, holdup of the night before—two bullets and two cartridge shells from a .22-caliber automatic of the Woodsman type used nine months later at Lynn.

Two days later another .22-caliber shell, picked up after a robbery at a grocery store, proved to have been discharged *in the same type of gun.*

On December 11 — less than a month before the Lynn holdup — Ernest Clark, clerk in a Fitchburg sporting-goods shop, was shot down by one of three armed bandits. Four shells found were also *from the same type of gun.*

On January 2, 1934—the day of the Lynn murder—a big Packard car, of the type which had been seen tearing out of the Paramount Theater parking place that morning, was speeding along the Charles River Boulevard when one of its occupants, impatient at the slow pace of the motorist in front, fired two warning bullets at his car. The two discharged shells, afterward recovered by the police, proved to be *from the same type of gun!*

Then on February 2, ten days before the trial of Molway and Berret began, and while they were locked up, three *more* .22 shells *from the same type of gun* were found after a bank holdup in Needham.

Ballistics is an exact science. It tells not only the *type* of gun in which a shell is fired but *the* gun. Every gun is different. It leaves its individual mark on every cartridge shell. Under Ed Seiboldt's panoscopic camera those marks show up.

And—this was the point—the evidence was inescapable that shells figuring in the Oriental and Rabinowitz and Fitchburg holdups, in the Needham bank robbery, and in the Lynn murder *were fired in the same gun.*

Seiboldt rushed to Captain Van Armburgh, ballistics expert of the Massachusetts State Police. Brother experts, they checked and double-checked. Then Van Armburgh, whose duty it was, went to Cregg.

The district attorney, sure of his case, would hear nothing of this circumstantial evidence. His witnesses were on the level. He was determined to go ahead. Later in the trial the judge ruled that shots fired in Boston or Fitchburg or Needham had nothing to do with the case in Lynn.

Meanwhile the battery in the Packard car abandoned by the bank bandits in their flight from Needham was traced through a repair ticket to a young man named Murton Millen who, with his brother, was associated with a Boston radio store that was owned by Abe Faber, a Technology graduate and an expert marksman.

The Millens, Faber, and Murton Millen's wife were arrested in New York. Guns of the Woodsman type and other damaging evidence were found in a garage which they used.

This was February 25. The two Lynn suspects were still on trial for their lives. A phone call. District Attorney Dewing at Needham had something he thought District Attorney Cregg ought to see. It was a black cloth bag, found in the Millens' garage, which bore the inscription: "Paramount Theater, Lynn."

Abe Faber subsequently confessed to being the master mind of the Lynn murder and all the others. He and the Millen brothers were sentenced to death; Norma Millen, to a term of imprisonment. Meanwhile eight shamefaced eyewitnesses admitted they were mistaken. Molway and Berret went free.

The moral would seem to be that unwillingness to consider circumstantial evidence, as opposed to direct, constitutes a loophole through which a dangerous criminal escapes.

If it had not been for circumstantial evidence, two innocent boys would have burned and the Millens and Faber would have gone on their evil bloodletting way!

THE END

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt never tires of citing the Millen-Faber case as a great example of the fallibility of human testimony. It is his belief that circumstantial evidence is the best evidence in the world, and that direct testimony of eyewitnesses is often not only fallible but highly dangerous.

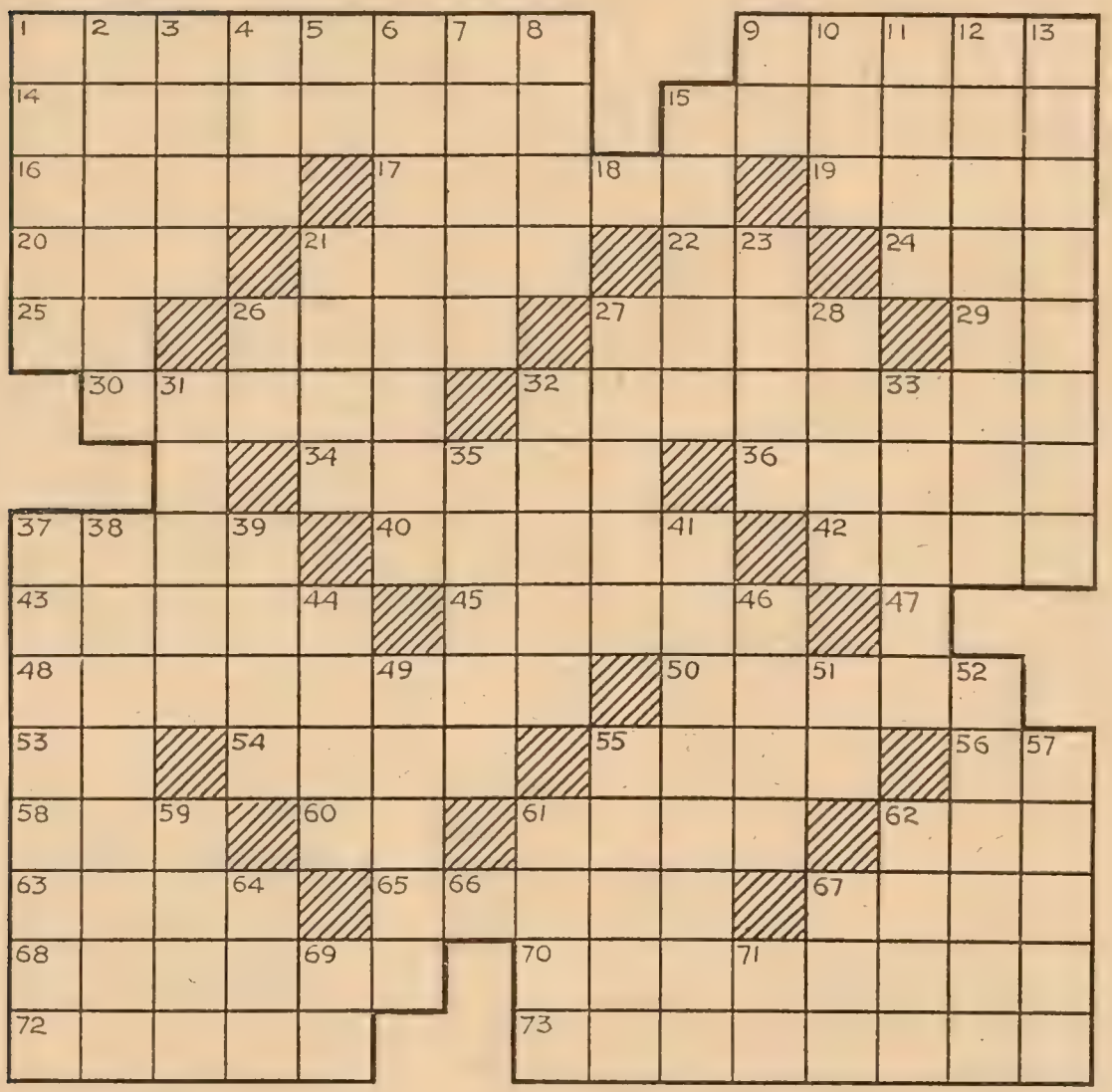
Here was a case where eight witnesses stood watching two men commit a crime. They were face to face with them for more than an hour. Yet when two other men—innocent men—were arrested and charged with that crime, these witnesses identified the innocent men as the guilty ones. The accused men were on their way to the electric chair and only a combination of good police work and a miracle saved them.

Experiences like these have caused New York's legendary police commissioner to distrust identifications and to rely more on the cold logic of scientifically tested evidence, assembled link by link in a chain of circumstantial inevitability. That is why he has never placed any real reliance on Jafsie's identification of Hauptmann or even on Colonel Lindbergh's identification of Hauptmann's voice. Colt knows these two witnesses were absolutely honest and fair, but he recognizes the possibility of their being mistaken. To justify his attitude he asks that you read this strange true story that happened only three years ago in these United States.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

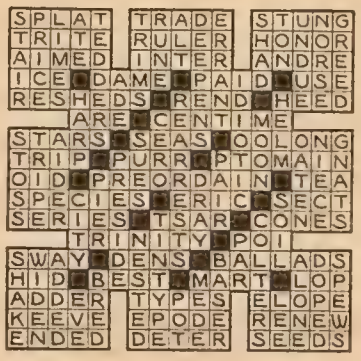
Cockeyed Crosswords

by TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Unless properly suspended these keep falling down around London
9 This makes a good weak-chin eradicator
14 The first talkie
15 Emergency anaesthetic giver
16 All hot
17 Fastest thing in the comic sections
19 This understands foot balls
20 Call of the sea
21 Busy buzzers
22 A newsy outfit (abbr.)
24 Exaggerated fishbowl
25 Thou, as used by Julius Caesar
26 They have no compunction at all about borrowing from you
27 What you'll find near Shirley's Temple
29 State of the So'west (abbr.)
30 Ballroom floor sweeper
32 You couldn't be extremely this
34 Kind of model Elizabeth rode in
36 Taxi bus timekeeper
37 A bit of a chin
40 This's all there is—there isn't any more
42 What long-winded after-dinner speakers get
43 Lengthy necker
45 A place where rangers stay at home
47 50
48 Bullets evenly divided among rivals (two words)
50 Mrs. Donna's little girl (she's an eyeful!)
53 Sleazy Dopes (abbr.)
54 Handles on noble English mugs
55 A Brown in White
56 As Maine goes so goes this (abbr.)
58 Foxy
60 A much-used French feminine article
61 Here's a schoolmaster that the boys hung around England



Answer to last week's puzzle

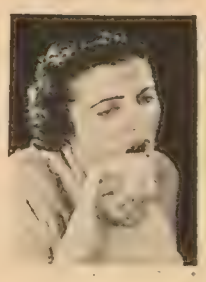
62 Where you get many a standing invitation and fall down on in time
63 The air in a carriage
65 Religious council
67 Here's where Santy Claus got stuck
68 Corrects a mistake made at the altar
70 Swedish things Greta Garbo's full of
72 Cheep penthouses
73 What Finland pays and pays and pays (two words)

VERTICAL

1 A big boom
2 This always gets stewed in France
3 Seth's bambino
4 Origin of chicken à la Maryland
5 Half cute
6 Feminine filbert
7 What the I's have (var.)
8 Keeps people in stitches
9 Bachelor of Amorousness (abbr.)
10 The end of all old diadems
11 Nocturnal toothpaste salesman
12 Stopped being pitiless
13 They look at pictures on their backs
15 Attended the oral ministration of
18 Most personal word in the world
21 Some poor fish will probably fall for this and get himself canned
23 What Byron knocked out at Athens
26 One of your distinguished progenitors
27 What a pair of attractive mules will fetch around Death Valley
28 A gabby bird
31 Comfortable seats
32 Spots before the eyes
33 Desert island that is nothing but a skeleton
35 Plasters with passion
37 His life is very moving but not exciting
38 What you wind up in after a murder
39 What a heavy sugar daddy does with a blonde's affection
41 A country you can really call Chili
44 A mourning band on Johnny
46 Most vulnerable place in a fat man's armor
49 Extra thick in the understanding
51 The weigh of all flesh (abbr.)
52 Scram, Sir Butch!
55 Heaven scent
57 One of the locks around Panama
59 Chinese wants
61 All over again
62 To clut Chinee lady hair short, please
64 This has to be at least half-cracked before it's of any use
66 A question contained in a letter
67 This expression will shame you
69 Lapdog Sausage (abbr.)
71 Tired Dunkers (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Cold in Head "Raw" Throat



Why feel miserable with "cold"? At first sign of "raw" throat or head cold, start *effective* treatment *immediately!*

Zonite does 3 jobs: (1) *Cleanses* mucous membranes (2) *Stimulates* natural secretions. (3) *Kills* all kinds of cold germs—*at contact!*

For *sore throat,* gargle with 1 tsp. Zonite in ⅓ glass water every 2 or 3 hrs. For *nose cold,* use ¼ tsp. Zonite to ¼ glass water—with glass "duck" or nasal syringe.

Love & Onions Just Don't Mix

KILL ONION BREATH!

Thousands are embarrassed *daily* by mouth washes that *fail.* Zonite doesn't just "mask" mouth odors like ordinary mouth washes. It *scientifically* destroys *causes* of odor.

To *kill* onion breath and other strong mouth odors FOR GOOD, do this:—Put 1 tsp. Zonite in ½ glass water. Rinse mouth thoroughly. Brush teeth. Gargle, rinse again. *Results guaranteed.*

SAMPLE OFFER!

BOTTLE FOR 15 APPLICATIONS with "HOW-TO-USE" GUIDE. Send 10¢ for packing & postage.

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FOLKS just can't believe what an amazing difference there is in the way they feel after using a natural, all-vegetable laxative that really cleanses their system the way nature intended. But all around you people, millions of them, know how Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) rids them of draggy headaches, colds, upset stomach, when caused by sluggish bowels. See for yourself. Know what it means to use a purely vegetable laxative. See how gently and naturally it works, leaving you feeling refreshed and alive. Get a box of NRs—25 tablets only 25 cents at any drugstore.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Tums. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 94B-16, St. Louis, Mo.

Vox Pop

Pardons, Paroles, and Criminals

ST. LOUIS, MO.—When all is said and done, there is but one way to solve the problem of law enforcement and crime prevention (Is Justice Deaf, Dumb, and Blind? January 9 Liberty) and that is to take the entire problem out of the hands of the politicians, close the back doors, i. e., pardons and paroles, which are now for sale, and equalize the penalties for similar offenses.

When all offenders are treated alike before the bar of justice and in the penal institutions we will have law and order, for the criminals will know then that crime does not pay.

It is useless to point out the holes by which the rats escape, if we make no effort to close them. I wonder if we ever will!—*W. M. P.*

HARTFORD, CONN.—The American public is again indebted to the vision and courage of Liberty for its series on Is Justice, Deaf, Dumb, and Blind? by D. Thomas Curtin. Only by making Mr. Average Citizen aware can we hope to build at once the understanding and the determination of an aroused public will to make the legal changes necessary to clean up the mess as it concerns criminal control in our cities.

Such articles are a tonic.

They act as a purge.

They are a challenge to stop the ugly thing, fear, on the part of honest citizens, for criminals, and transfer that to the fear of criminals for law and justice.—*Henry K. Denlinger, Director Hartford Federal College.*

WHAT SOME BRITISHERS THINK OF EDWARD VIII

LONDON, ENGLAND—Since my return to England from America, I have been a patient listener at many meetings of business executives, and particularly recently at a lodge affair.

I feel you would be interested in hearing of the reaction of the average business executive to the abdication of Edward VIII.

It can be summed up briefly:

In 1914 many millions of men gave up their home life, their love, their wives, and their children, to fight for king and country. Over two million of these men never returned.

The king was not asked to take a chance on his life, but to give up a love affair for his Empire.

Evidently he did not see fit to make this one sacrifice, although two million made the sacrifice in 1914.

The opinion among substantial business executives is that he is a slacker, as it was his duty to keep up a tradition which today has been broken, and will, without a doubt, result in the country going republic during the next fifteen to twenty years.—*H. A. W.*

A DRUGGIST AGREES WITH MR. MACFADDEN

MARION, N. C.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial of December 5 Liberty, entitled Health Advice Should Be as Free as Air and Water, makes me feel that a few of our editorial writers have a little spunk left in their blood.

Having been in the drugstore business for years, I feel qualified to express my views on the subject.

Many doctors not only extend the illness of their patients—some go so far as to stress a particular drugstore. It isn't that this particular druggist can compound his prescriptions better than the patient's regular druggist; it is because the druggist sees that the doctor receives a commission.

Some time ago an investigation in Washington, D. C., revealed that certain doctors in that city were seeing that one particular undertaker received all of the patients that passed away in one of the hospitals—at least, the ones that carried good insurance.

We are anxious to get more of Mr. Macfadden's editorials on this subject.—*Lee Walkonton.*

MIAMI, FLA.—It is true, as An M. D.'s Secretary, intimates (January 16 Vox Pop), that socialization of medicine will not change the character of those who advocate indiscriminate surgical operations for the sake of dollars and cents; but it would remove the incentive that allows these all too prevalent enemies of society to function as supposedly respected parts of our social system.

The oath of Hippocrates means all too little to too many practicing physicians and surgeons.—*Edward Doane.*

THE PLAIN TRUTH ABOUT NUDISM

LINCOLN, NEB.—The plain truth about nudism is that the only people really opposed to it are those with bodies which the Creator must feel a little ashamed of having made. Because such people are not honest enough to give their real reason for opposing nudism, they try to put it on moral grounds!—*Mat.*

Get Your Breakfast-Table News the Night Before!

Paul Sullivan, rapidly becoming one of the best known and most widely followed news commentators, speaks over WLW from Monday to Friday nights at 11 P. M., E. S. T., and 10 P. M., C. S. T. Get the latest news before you go to bed by tuning in on WLW, Cincinnati, the nation's station, 700 kilocycles on the dial.

Don't Miss Liberty's New Radio Feature!

WHIP AND SPER

DECATUR, TEX.—I want to take this opportunity to tell you what people of Texas and the Southwest think of Norman Sper's All-America Football Team.

Sammy Baugh, one of the best all-round backs to ever wear a set of cleats, was left off this "great" team.

Baugh made a fool out of each great player he was pitted against last year.

Liberty should give all the boys a chance by changing its system of selecting A. A. teams.—*Rocky Ford.*

WILMETTE, ILL.—Three reverberating cheers for Norman L. Sper, whose presentation of the 1936 Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team is like a gift from heaven! It is the most intelligent piece of work that I have ever come across.

I am pleased to see that Steve Reid and Widseth ably represented the Big Ten Western Conference.

Tell Mr. Sper for me that I sincerely trust he gives us an All-Players All-America Basketball Team for the 1936-37 season.—*John Low.*

FATTY? CATTY!

CORTLAND, N. Y.—I would like to express my sentiments regarding Bea Meredith's crack at fat males in January 16 Vox Pop.

Of course Madame Sylvia was right, but she wasn't meowish about it and to all appearances tried to be helpful. But Bea Meredith, as is typical of her type of female, couldn't resist being catty. She thinks every man should be an Adonis—and probably she gets her weekly weight tabulated on a set of coal scales.

For her enlightenment, I made a personal check of one hundred men and one hundred women taken just as they happened to come as they passed in front of the gas station which I operate; and, Bea, three of the men in the hundred could actually be called overweight. Prepare yourself for a shock, Bea, because eighty-one of the hundred women were decidedly overweight!—*R. W. Preston.*

MORE LITTLETON STORIES COMING

NEW YORK, N. Y.—How about having a few more swell stories by Scott Littleton, as his Inside Story sure tops all other detective yarns I have read.

I am of the opinion of other Vox Poppers—that the Lindbergh case should be reopened, as the main issues still keep popping up in almost every paper and magazine.—*Sandy Gobler.*

CAPTAIN ABDULLAH AND THE CHINESE GIRL

NEW YORK, N. Y.—So sorry Miss Rose Tow of San Francisco (January 9 Vox Pop) did not like my recent Chinatown story.

To answer her questions: No, I am not a Turk. I am British. The girl in my tale, including her slang, is taken from life. I knew her when.

It *is* a disgrace in the Chinese—not the San Francisco Chinese—code to commit suicide.

I happen to know Chinese, and know China quite well, having spent a long time there in the (British) service.—*Achmed Abdullah.*

WE KEEP OUR GENDER A SECRET

WHITEHALL, MONT.—I've been reading Vox Pop for several years, and what catches my fancy is the tricky titles your

editor puts on each letter. My intuition tells me that said editor is a woman, because the male of the species was created without a sense of humor. Am I right?—*Miss M. C.*

A BRIGADIER GENERAL WHO IS ALSO AUTHOR AND PUBLISHER

PAOLA, KAN.—I write to express appreciation of your notice in the January 2 issue of Liberty of my little book, Restating Economic Theory.

I had only hoped that I had accomplished what Mr. Oliver Swift states has been realized in the publication of this booklet. As I published the work myself, it will probably not be financially remunerative, but I am quite satisfied when it receives such a notice as it has been given by Liberty and if it helps some people better to understand matters so important to every one.—*C. Crawford, Brig. General, U. S. Army, Retired.*

IS KOCH STILL ON UNCLE SAM'S PAY ROLL?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—From the enclosed clipping (Washington Post, January 9) Lucien Koch, former president and director of Commonwealth College at Mena, Arkansas, mentioned in your Rah, Rah, Russia! (December 19 Liberty), is still in government employ:

The District Department of the American Federation of Government Employes last night refused to seat Lucien Koch, an employe of the Consumers Council Division, of the Department of Labor, as a delegate.

Refusal was the first of its kind in the history of the local organization.

The action apparently was taken on the strength of an article appearing recently in a magazine charging Commonwealth College of Arkansas, in Mena, Ark., with being "communistic." Koch once headed this college.

—*Ewing Y. Mitchell.*

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES

NEOSHO, MO.—Aaron N. Sadoff (January 9 Vox Pop) uncovered a swell jinx story, then spoiled it by carelessly listing 1900 as an exception. Every President elected since 1840 in a year ending with a zero died in office.

McKinley was elected in 1900. His second term began in March, 1901. He died September 14, 1901. He was succeeded by Theodore Roosevelt.

I suppose you knew this all the time, but let the error slip by to arouse dilatory Vox Poppers. Did it get results?—*Clarence Gilstrap.*

[Did it get results? And how! Everybody and his uncle seemed to score our error. For it was our error—not Mr. Sadoff's. He had the facts correct in his letter, but in a moment of woolgathering we changed Mr. Sadoff's facts to wrong statement. Our apologies to him and all Vox Poppers. The dust is thick on our diminished head.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

BLACKLEDGE PUT IT MILDLY

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Skeptical reference has been made concerning Legion of Lost Souls, by Captain Blackledge.

The writer was in the first landing party at Anzac Cove, and I wish to state that Blackledge put the matter very mildly.—*#837.*

"HARDTACK"

"Pop must not have heard that story!"

SULLIVAN'S LAST WORD "GOOD NIGHT AND 30"

ALEXANDRIA, LA.—Will you please tell me the last word that Paul Sullivan says each night at the end of his radio talks? I enjoy Mr. Sullivan's discourses very much, but have never been able to understand that last word.—*Miss D. P.*

[Many readers have asked this question. Mr. Sullivan's last word, "thirty," means in newspaper telegraphic parlance to "sign off," or "No more to this story."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

A NEW DEAL IN LEG CROSSING

BUTLER, PA.—Poor, poor old die-hard Mr. Stevenson! (January 16 Liberty.) He must have a large amount of work to do when he has time to sit around in his office thinking up such critical remarks about the government.

I am not employed by the government, and have never written to Vox Pop before, but I would suggest Mr. Stevenson cross his legs around his neck and squeeze. If he is not able to do this without assistance, I would be glad to go to Texas and help him.—*H. M. Lawrence.*

PROFITS FROM GRIEF

MASON CITY, IA.—October 10 Vox Pop had a letter headed Corpse on Exhibition, and the December 5 another entitled Why Not Bridge Funerals? Those two articles have done an enormous amount of good in promoting open discussions about our crazy and terrible expensive funerals.

Liberty, no doubt, caused the publication in the New York Times and the Des Moines, Iowa, Register, of articles on the high cost of funerals, showing that it takes 52 per cent of the assets of the common man to get buried. This profiteering in grief is the most damnable curse hanging over the people today and should be abolished.—*An American Progressive.*

THE DOUBTINGEST THOMAS

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—I have always thought it a great pity that the world's doubtingest doubter should not be known by name.

Now, I ask if L. Johnson of Eau Claire, who so dogmatically popped us one against the validity of Steinach's science (December 26 issue), may not be that selfsame too long anonymous champ?—*Beth Bedgett.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

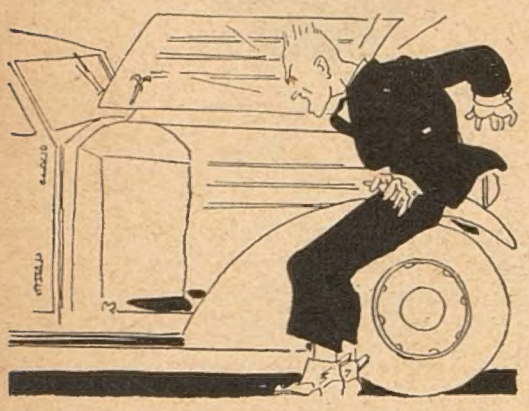
It Happened In

HAYS, KAN.—Isadore Windholz, a sharp bargainer, asked a jeweler here the price of a wedding ring. Then he asked, "How much for two?" Getting a discount, he went on, "And three?" Perplexed, the jeweler made a substantial reduction on such a quantity lot.

Wedding music was later heard in a local church, and the brothers Windholz —Isadore, Wendelin, and Anselm— marched down the aisle with their brides.

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—When W. H. Fronk stepped into his car and pushed on the starter, he got no response, and again he stepped on it; but the desired result was not forthcoming.

Fronk got out, raised the hood, and at once found out what was wrong. Some one had stolen the engine.



TULSA, OKLA.—Unable to get on government relief, C. A. Hood, painter, organized his own project.

Hood was questioned by police for painting out house numbers on curbstones.

"I had to make a living someway," Hood said, "so I painted out the numbers and then asked residents if they wanted new ones."

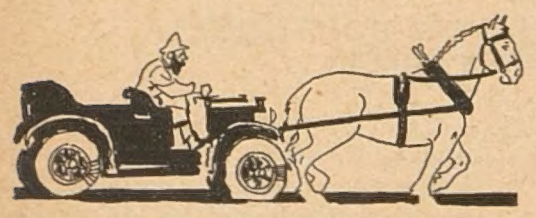
HOW THIS BOLSHEVISM WORKS

They say—

That with "planned economy" Soviet Russia will surpass, or is already surpassing, the rest of the world industrially.

But—

"All automobiles delivered to date are still absolutely unusable. Primarily it is the defective smelting of the metals; secondly, the fact that raw materials are carelessly handled, stored, and treated. The automobile plants have that in common with all other kinds. They are provided with bad solvents, glass of 'refuse' quality, badly made artificial leather, defective electric wires, etc., etc. The bulk of raw materials and machinery is also utterly defective." From For Industrialization, official organ of the Commissary for Heavy Industries, of November 5, 1934, quoting Ordjonikidze, Commissar for Heavy Industries.



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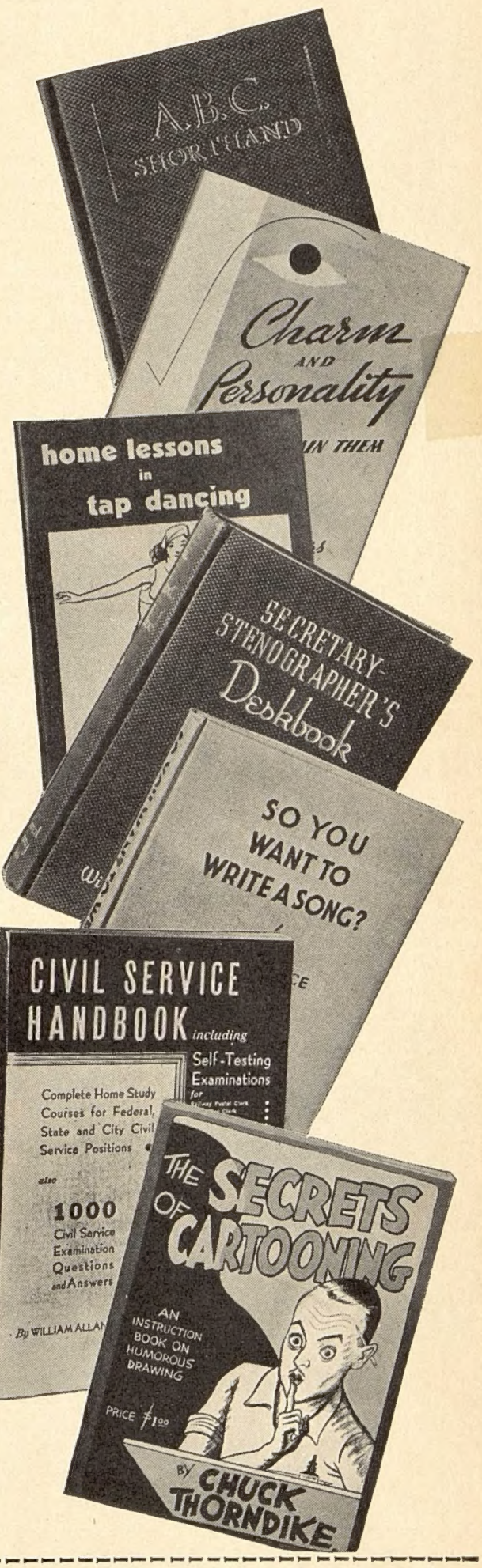
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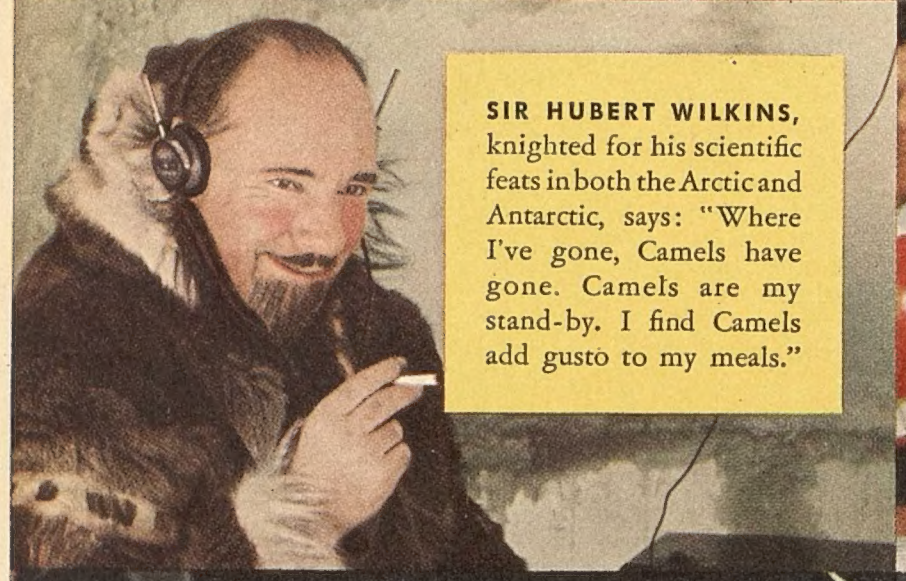

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